

I GGG loves Time to Destroy!

SLAM #3

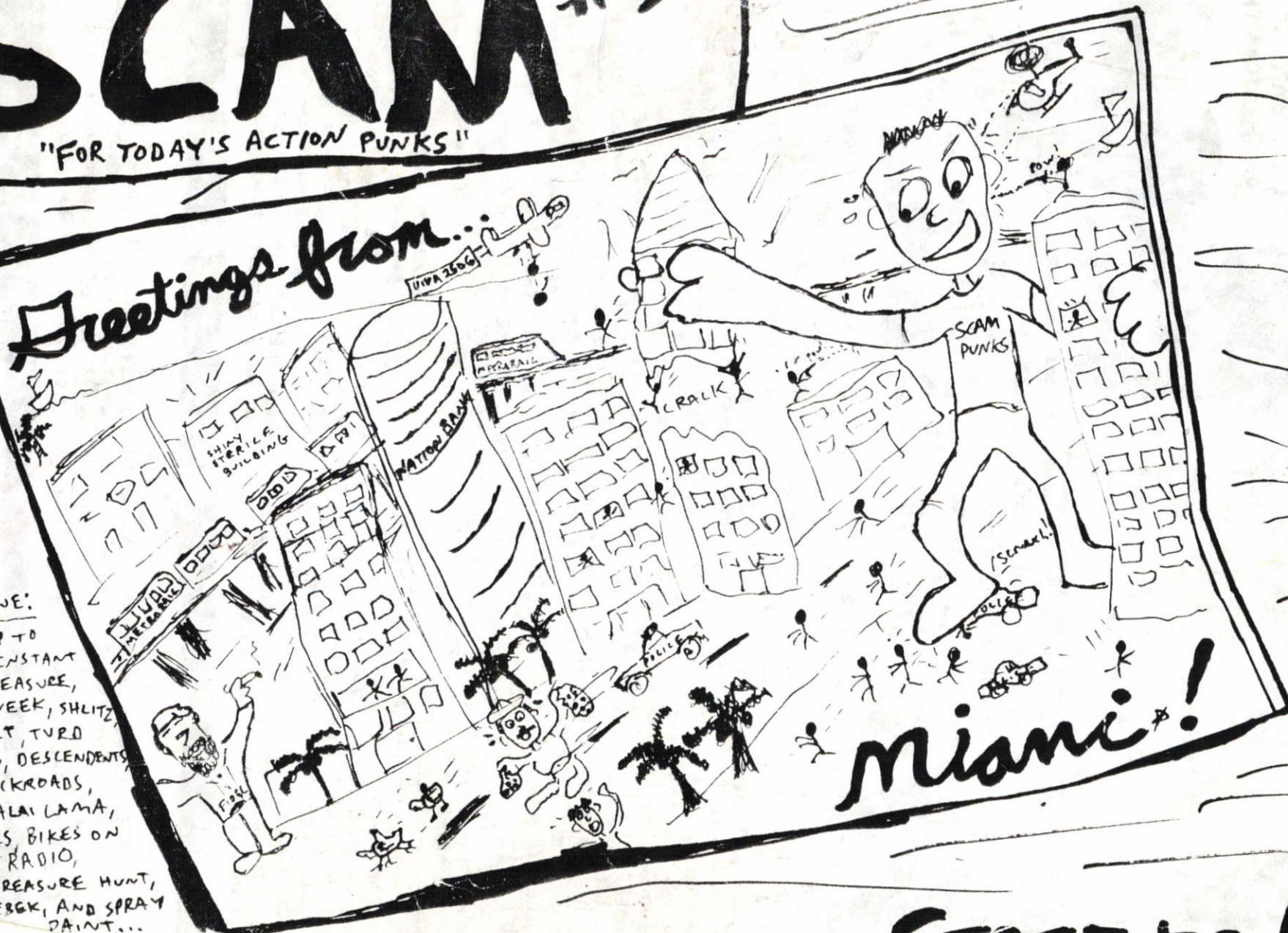
ONE BULK SUMMER '97

"FOR TODAY'S ACTION PUNKS"

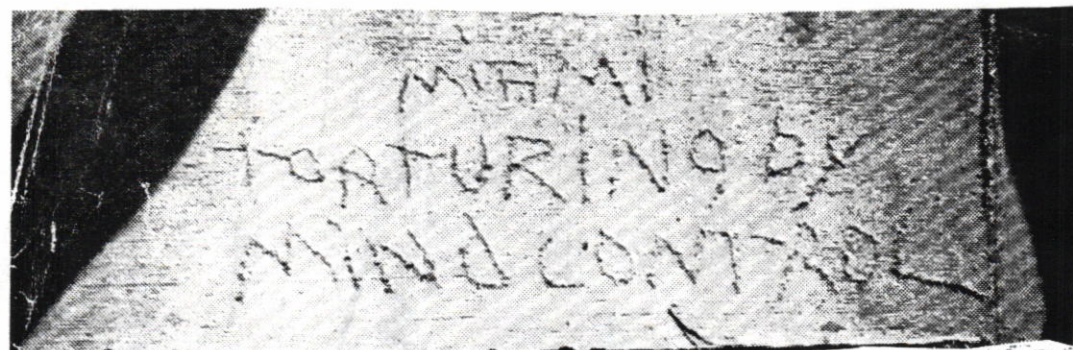
Greetings from...

THIS ISSUE:

FREE TRIP TO
EUROPE, INSTANT
BEER PLEASURE,
CRIME WEEK, SHLITZ
CRACK ART, TURD
ATTACKS, DESCENDENTS
MAPS, BACKROADS,
THE DALAI LAMA,
TRUCKERS, BIKES ON
TRAINS, RADIO,
SLAM TREASURE HUNT,
TIEBCK, AND SPRAY
PAINT...



HAMMERS TO THE STREETS!



SCAM EMPLOYEE
OF THE MONTH!



From one who knows the pain and loss associated with a scam,
comes an author determined to alert and inform the public
about this growing industry of deceit.

(FOR A RECORD 38TH YEAR STRAIGHT)

Pictured on LEFT: Actor
CEMENT EXCHING IN
DOWNTOWN MIAMI!

yo! its... SCAM #3

WELL, HERE IT IS, THE "SUMMER '97" ISSUE OF THE SCAM, AND I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE THAT IT CAME OUT, WITH THINGS BEING SO HECTIC HERE LATELY. IN THE LAST COUPLE OF WEEKS, I BROKE MY COLLARBONE IN A FREAK BICYCLE ACCIDENT, BUT STILL HAD TO PLAY GUITAR AND SING WITH MY BAND FOR 3 SHOWS IN 4 DAYS, STEAL BLANK TAPES FOR A TAPE COMP. I PUT OUT, HELP OUT AT FOOD NOT BOMBS FEEDINGS IN COCONUT GROVE SET UP A F.N.B. BENEFIT SHOW, AND PUT TOGETHER THIS "VANDALISM ART" SHOW AT THIS PLACE IN MIAMI, WITH PHOTOS OF VARIOUS SPRAYPAINTINGS, CRIMES, AND ALTERED BILLBOARDS I WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR... NOW, I'M ABOUT TO MOVE OUT OF MY HOUSE AND FIND A RIDE OUT OF MIAMI, SO THIS IS JUST GOING TO HAVE TO BE THE FINISHED ZINE. IT'S MY BIRTHDAY PRESENT TO MYSELF THIS YEAR!

OLDTIMERS WHO STILL REMEMBER THE LAST ISSUE, WHICH CAME OUT SOMETIME BACK WHEN DINOSAURS FREELY ROAMED THE EARTH, WILL NOTE THAT THIS ISSUE IS WAY SMALLER. THIS IS BECAUSE 1) I WANT TO DO A SHORTER, MORE EASILY XEROXED ZINE THAT COMES OUT MORE OFTEN, AND 2) IT'S SUMMERTIME AND MY HEAD IS SPINNING AND I WANT TO BE OUT RIDING TRAINS AND EXPLORING NEW CITIES AND PLAYING MUSIC AND POOL HOPPING AND STEALING BEER, AND NOT SITTING AROUND WRITING A FANZINE! THIS SHOULD BE THE FIRST OF SEVERAL ZINES FROM ME THIS YEAR, AS I'VE GOT PARTS OF THE NEXT COUPLE DONE ALREADY, AND, THOUGH IT WAS NICE TO HAVE A NEAT TIDY ENDING TO THE LAST ENORMOUS ZINE, I THINK THE SHORTER-AND-MORE-FREQUENTLY-APPEARING APPROACH WILL BE MORE FUN, URGENT, AND CHAOTIC - YA KNOW, LIKE LIFE.

BY THE WAY, WITH THIS BIRTHDAY, I JUST TURNED 24, AND I'M PRETTY HAPPY ABOUT IT. THIS COULD BE THE THING I WANT TO SAY MOST IN THIS ISSUE, BECAUSE I'VE NOTICED A LOT OF PEOPLE MY AGE FONDLY REMINISCING ABOUT "THE OLD DAYS" WHEN "JUST HAVING FUN AND BEING A KID WAS WHAT BEING A PUNK WAS ALL ABOUT..." AND I CAN'T HELP BUT THINK, "HEY! GET OVER IT, ALREADY! YOU'RE NOT A KID!" BESIDES, BEING A KID WASN'T REALLY FUN ANYWAYS, MY PARENTS, TEACHERS, AND THE COPS TRIED TO STOP ME FROM DOING EVERYTHING I WANTED TO DO. I HAD NO RIGHTS, AND EVEN THE OLD PUNKS WERE SMOTTY AND CONDESCENDING. FUCK THAT! I'LL TAKE 24, WHEN I CAN DO WHATEVER I WANT!

TERSE REMINDER

THOUGH I FEEL THAT THE ERA OF CORPORATE INTEREST IN THE PUNKS IS NEARING AN END, I STILL WANT TO SAY THAT IF YOU ARE WRITING AN ARTICLE ABOUT "THE ZINE REVOLUTION", OR ANY SUCH SHIT, PLEASE LEAVE ME OUT OF IT, OR AT LEAST CHECK WITH ME FIRST! AS A PUNK AND A CRIMINAL, I HAVE NO INTEREST IN THIS ATTENTION.

This book will tell you:

- ★ "Reversal of Fortune" - the author's story
- ★ Special Senior Citizens' Section: tips, stories and

★ 3 new factors why we get involved in scams

★ 70+ descriptions of the most current scams

Hey Iggy: Thanks for that zine you left us. We're gonna have toilet paper for a fuckin' Lee, Memphis, TN

LETTERS

WWW//SVK.MY.ASS.

IGGY: Hey, thanks for the zine! I kind of like it when a zine shows up really late and you'd forgotten all about it, cause then this mysterious envelope shows up at your door, and you get all excited and curious.

Sue, Baltimore, MD

AS USUAL, SCAM HAS A NEW MAILING ADDRESS. PLEASE NOTE THAT YOU ORDER THE ZINE FROM RECESS RECORDS AND NOT DIRECTLY FROM ME! IF YOU SEND ME CASH, I SWEAR, I'M GOING TO USE IT ON BEER, OR THE BUS, OR SOMETHING. THIS TIME, I'M INTERESTED IN HEARING ABOUT TRIPS TO CUBA, OR PRACTICAL ADVICE ON STARTING A PIRATE RADIO STATION. ~~OH YEAH, AS USUAL, ANYONE WHO CAN HELP WITH FREE XEROXING, LET ME KNOW!~~

ORDER SCAM #3:

2 BUCKS TO
RECESS RECORDS
P.O. BOX 1112
TORRANCE, CA 90505

ALL PROCEEDS GO TO SEND
THE EDITOR TO CUBA!!!

WRITE ME:

IGGY
P.O. BOX 1224
MIAMI, FL 33133

ATTENTION! NO BACK ISSUES, NO FUTURE
ISSUES, ANCIENT CHICKENHEAD 7" IS
NOW ON CALIFORNIA'S RECESS RECORDS!!!



Dear Mr. (IGGY SCAM): The claim you submitted pertaining to your lost luggage has been reviewed, and we have arrived at the settlement value in the amount of \$250.00, as indicated on the attached check.

Greyhound is committed to providing quality service and regrets the inconvenience you experienced. We hope you will give us another opportunity to provide your future transportation needs.

Sincerely, Angenetta Overstreet, claims examiner. Greyhound Lines, Inc. Dallas, TX

Dear MR. (IGGY SCAM): The claim you submitted pertaining to your lost luggage has been reviewed and we have arrived at the settlement value in the amount of \$1250.00, as indicated on the attached check. In addition, we have enclosed a flight coupon in the value of \$400.00 to be used towards your next flight.

Continental Airlines is committed to providing quality service and regrets the inconvenience you experienced. We hope you will give us another opportunity to provide your future transportation needs.

Sincerely, Continental Airlines, Inc.

ED. --- WELL, WHAT CAN I SAY? I JUST LOSE SHIT.

Tresspass Cinema Presents:

SIX-PAC DRIVE-IN

Tonight: The Gemini Program (all-Film show)
-Drive-In Blues, Jan Krawitz
-No Zone, Greti Solder
-Different Shade of Green, Thad Jones
-WRAPs Snack Bar, Jerry Chastain
-History of Texas City, Bill Daniel
-Interviews of the Metropolis, Jude Salzman
-Gemini Theme, NASA

June 25, First Day of Summer, Dig It
showtime: 9:30 PM
213-7223 call for directions
bus spray and beer served
donation suggested



An Evening of Clandestine Motion Picture Enjoyment

HEY IGGY! DIG THIS CINEMA SCAM! GET FILMS FROM FRIENDS,
PUT PROJECTOR IN EMPTY LOT, STEAL ELECTRICITY FROM NEARBY
BILLBOARD, BRING COOLER FULL OF BEER, HOT DOGS ON PORTA-GRILL,
LAWN CHAIRS! ALL FILM, NO VIDEO, NO COPS, ALL FUN!
BILL DANIEL, WAXAHACHIE, TX

"BROKE..."

So, did I ever tell you about the time when I was broke? I mean, COMPLETELY broke? I didn't even have foodstamps, I was so broke. I had spent them all in one week, by getting up every morning, buying an orange, and using the change to buy a bottle of vodka! Like I said, we're talking BROKE!

I had mapped out a daily Walk-Of-Poverty that took me past the table scraps of some of the city's finest restaurants, the dumpsters of upscale markets, and the backyard fruit trees of the rich and famous. But, before I could go on my daily search for food, I'd always have to break out the duct tape. My shoes had become so full of holes, that I had been keeping them together with duct tape. Then, when they completely fell apart, I threw them away, and started wrapping the tape around my FEET! It was a long walk.

Finally, the long awaited morning of my food stamp appointment arrived. Everyone knows that no true punk rocker can get up at 7:00 AM to go to these things, so I had to try to walk around and stay awake all night. First, I went into Denny's, but, since I was broke, I could only order hot water, and the waiter started cussing at me in Spanish, so I had to leave, and start walking, just to stay awake. It was a good night: I was only chased by three stray dogs, and only stopped, for no reason, by cops, twice. I will say this for the cops around here: they may act like assholes, but they've never beat me up (this is an example of the so-called twenty-something generation's "diminished expectations", I'm sure). Anyways, it wasn't a bad night. I found eight whole garbage bags of bagels in a dumpster! I can't believe they just throw them away!

I got to the food stamp office with time to spare, and spent it reminiscing about the good, old days of welfare, like my first breathless and excited application, only days after my 18th birthday. When it comes to food stamps, I'm totally "old school". When I started getting them, you only got \$106 a month, but now, after six years, with "Cost-of-Living" increases, we're all the way up to \$120!

Lately, though, the food stamp office has been more of a downer. I blame welfare reform. So, wait--- with this new Welfare Reform Law, and all --- does this mean that I won't be able to get food stamps in several different states at the same time anymore? It is, of course, too early to tell, and I haven't read the fine print of the law, but that just may be the case!

I know from experience that there are any number of sweet, old ladies, compassionate Haitian women, and big-hearted, black ladies who call you "baby", that work as food stamp case workers, here in town, and always approve your case, no questions asked. But it seems like years now that I've been getting tough, old Valdez. Valdez is a severe-looking, Cuban guy in his 40's, who looks at you, with a permanent scowl, framed by a bristly, black goatee. Valdez' hard eyes stare back, black and cold, like coal on Christmas morning. Of course, no one really knows what goes on inside the head of an inscrutable man like Valdez, but I'm starting to think that Valdez may actually HATE poor people!

I think back on all the well-crafted, hard luck stories that I've used in food stamp offices across the country, over the years. In Arkansas, I said I'd come to town to join an up-and-coming country music band, but got kicked out and had to pawn my guitar. Down in Biloxi, I was fired from a shrimp boat, because I was a better picker than the captain's son. Out West, in Eureka, when my case worker asked, "Are you homeless?", I gave her my most innocent, heartbreaking look, and replied, "No, Ma'am. I live in a bush on 'T' Street. All the stories are the same; all roads lead to the food stamp office. As Valdez starts his usual interrogation, I consider that this ridiculous, fictional past is not too unlikely as a real future.

If Valdez was a cartoon, you'd always draw him with steam coming out of his ears. He hammers away, "If you're homeless, where do you take showers?!? Where do you cook food?!?" He, apparently, hasn't considered that homeless people may not, in fact, get to take showers. Valdez gets more and more frustrated as we navigate this confusing world between my lies, and his total lack of understanding. But, since he doesn't believe anything I say, it doesn't really matter what I tell him. When he finally snorts, "Well, why haven't you been looking for a job?!?" I just grin. "My girlfriend left me. And I've been drinking ever since."

Reluctantly, Valdez finally approves my case, and within an hour, I had my stamps and had expertly made several \$1.05 purchases to get enough change to buy some tall, ice-cold cans of malt liquor. As I recall, malt liquor tasted good that year. But, I had to try and drink the cold beer on the left side of my mouth, because the teeth on the right side were killing me. Maybe my wisdom teeth were coming in. Maybe my teeth were just on the verge of total collapse. Who knows these things? I often wonder exactly where the line between young, excited punk rocker living in abandoned buildings, and crazy, toothless wino living in the street lies. I've given it lots of thought, and have decided that if all my teeth fell out, and I had to get false teeth, I'd just have to laugh it off somehow, like my friend did when he accidentally cut off his finger at work.

I decided to go see if the Free Clinic could help me with my teeth. First, I had to hop the subway. I felt bad that I had no change for the Guy-with-no-legs at the foot of the stairs by the main train station. See, even that shows how tough times are. There used to be a blind guy at that spot, possibly the best panhandling spot in town. Then there was a guy with one hand. Now, it's a guy with no legs, and the one-handed guy can't get a spot within 10 blocks of the station! Soon, it'll just be a little nub, with a cup, and folks'll still be walking by, saying they don't have any money!

When I got to the clinic, I got right in to see the doc, a real, kindly, gentle, old Nazi, with stiff, gray sideburns, a set of big, white teeth, and a look on his face that said he'd be happier setting fire to oil wells in Iraq. He punched my nose a couple times, strangled me a bit, and said I was fine, but that he'd go ahead and give me an appointment for May 10, 2003, at 6:00 AM, anyways. I promised to be there. At the subway, I ignored the new signs that said "FARE EVASION IS A SIN", and hopped the rail home.

When I got home, though, I couldn't believe my good luck! In the mailbox, was 25 bucks in cash from my distributor for old magazines I'd sold them!

Twenty-five dollars, in those days, was a lot of money to a young, starving writer. I used the money to purchase a loaf of fresh-baked bread, an onion, and four of the finest quality pens for my writing. My writing is very important to me. I ate the bread and onion, in my tiny room, while watching two men fist fight in the streets below my window. Then, I ate the pens. I am very hungry these days. You can see that being a young, starving writer, while certainly glamorous, has its drawbacks. Like, for one thing, I can't get a date. I consider a personal ad: "Y.S.W seeks S.F...", but I have to save my cash to get my glue stick out of the pawn shop.

But it was a great night there in my room. For weeks, I had been saving the half-full cans of beer that frat boys threw at me from passing cars, and, now, I finally had enough to get drunk with, while I listened to music. It was true that I only owned one record, but, I loved to listen to it, on both the 33 RPM, and 45 RPM speeds, all night!

OK, I'LL ADMIT THERE'S A BIT OF A HOLLYWOOD TOUCH TO ALL THIS GLAMORIZATION OF POVERTY YOU SEE HERE AND IN OTHER ZINES, SOMETIMES, IT SEEMS LIKE WE'RE LOOKING BACK, NOSTALGICALLY, LAUGH TRACK AND ALL, AND SAYING, "THIS IS HOW WE LIVED BEFORE..." I WONDER, SOMETIMES, BEFORE WHAT? THE "REVOLUTION"? OUR "BIG BREAK"? THE "DOOMSDAY COMET"? WHO KNOWS? ALL I'M SAYING IS, MAN, WAS I BROKE...

ANIMAL SACRIFICE, BEER SPITTING, DANCING TAMPONS AND OTHER LOCAL SHITZ!!!

A DRINK LASTING / PUNK SHIT

PUNK SHOW

SAT. FEBRUARY 22nd - 10:00 PM



ONE SIZE
FITS ALL

THE BONEHEAD

THE CRITICS

\$1.00 CANS OF BEER

AT: BACKSTAGE (Corner of 122nd St. and N.W. 7th Ave.)
12201 N.W. 7th St.
NORTH MIAMI
MIAMI, FL 33157
Tel: (305) 551-1212
Fax: (305) 551-1212

FIRST OF ALL, I'M NOT INTO TALKING ABOUT "THE OLD DAYS" TOO MUCH, BUT I COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE LATELY, HOW MUCH BETTER EVERYTHING SEEMS IN MIAMI NOW, THEN WHEN I GOT INTO PUNK. SHOWS ARE MORE FUN, LOCAL BANDS ARE BETTER, THERE'S MORE PLACES TO PLAY, AND YOU'RE A MILLION TIMES LESS LIKELY TO GET BEAT UP AT A SHOW. SOME OLDTIMERS MAY LIKE TO TRY AND GLAMORIZE THE OLD "DANGEROUS" DAYS, BUT I, PERSONALLY, NEVER FELT THAT THE THREAT OF GETTING JUMPED BY 10 SKINHEADS IN A SOUTH BEACH ALLEY, BY THE CAMEO, MADE A SHOW ANY MORE EXCITING, ESPECIALLY WHEN THE SHOW IN QUESTION WAS SOME FAKE-ASS SHIT LIKE A SPEED METAL BAND AND A STRAIGHT EDGE BAND OPENING UP FOR THE FUCKING CIRCLE JERKS FOR 15 BUCKS! DUH!

1997: YEAR OF "THE REGION"?

FOR THOSE WHO DON'T KNOW "THE REGION" IS A LOOSELY DEFINED GEOGRAPHICAL TRIANGLE WITH POINTS IN MIAMI, CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE, AND EXTENDING WEST POSSIBLY FAR AS LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, WHERE A WHOLE ARMY OF BAD-AS-HELL BANDS ARE KNOWN, NOT FOR RIPPING OFF SOME COOL, RETRO-STYLE, BUT FOR HOW MUCH ENERGY, AND SPIT, AND SWEAT THEY BRING TO THE STAGE - BASICALLY, JUST HOW HARD THEY ROCK! YO! AFTER A COUPLE YEARS OF GOING BACK AND FORTH, PLAYING EACH OTHER'S TOWNS, THE REGION ROCKERS ARE ALL GOING ON TOUR. LOS CANADIANS WENT THIS SPRING, AND THIS SUMMER, LOOK FOR MIAMI'S DARVIS BROWN AND THE SMOKE ASSES WITH CHATSWORTH, GA'S THE MORONS, CHATTANOOGA'S DRILLER KILLERS AND THE SPAWN SACS, MIAMI'S KREAMY 'LECTRIC SANTA, AND MAYBE LITTLE ROCK'S CHAOS L.R., HUMSVILLE, AL'S JOEY TAMPON AND THE TOXIC SHOCKS, AND CHATTANOOGA'S JACKPANCE BAND, AND MIAMI'S THE STUN GUNS.

GETTING THE ROCK ON IN MIAMI

MY NEW FAVORITE PLACE TO HAVE SHOWS IS THE BACKSTAGE UPON N.W. 7TH AVE. AND 122ND STREET IN THE "FAILING RESTAURANT AND DISCOUNT AUTO PARTS" DISTRICT. IT'S PRETTY SMALL WITH NO STAGE, SO YOU SEEM TO FEEL MORE CROWD/BAND ENERGY, AND THERE'S TOTAL PUNK CONTROL! ANYONE CAN PLAY, YOU CAN WORK THE DOOR IF YOU FEEL LIKE IT, AND YOU'RE FREE TO CHARGE WHATEVER YOU WANT, BECAUSE THE OWNER DOESN'T TAKE A CUT. INSTEAD, HE MAKES HIS CASH BY SELLING COLD CANS OF CHEAP BEER, RIGHT OUT OF THE 12-PACK BOX! AFTER A COUPLE YEARS OF THE PRO-STYLE SHOWS AT CHEERS, WHERE WELL-SCRUBBED YOUNGSTERS DUTIFULLY RECREATE ENTIRE QUEERS AND NOFX RECORDS WITHOUT EVEN SEEMING TO ENJOY IT, IT WAS EXCITING TO GO TO THE BACKSTAGE AND SEE UFC, THE POSSESSORS OF SOUTH FLORIDA'S LARGEST MOHAWKS, STOMP AROUND THE DANCE FLOOR, SPITTING BEER ON EACH OTHER, WHILE STOPPING AFTER EVERY SONG, SO THE BASSIST COULD TEACH THE GUITARIST THE NEXT SONG! AT THE BACKSTAGE IT FEELS LIKE PUNK NEVER GOT FAMOUS.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE →

PUNK SHOW!!!

SATURDAY MAY 10th

JOEY TAMPON
AND THE
TOXIC SHOCKS
THE CRUMBS
THE BONEHEADS
THE HIDDEN
RESENTMENTS

AT THE BACKSTAGE

PUNK MOVIES AND BANDS!

FEATURING THE MUSIC OF... SATURDAY MARCH 8th

KREAMY 'LECTRIC SANTA
AND
DARVIS BROWN AND THE SMOKE ASSES

7 SHORT, UNDERGROUND FILMS

2 BUCKS

THE BACKSTAGE

Instant Beer Pleasure



CLOSE COVER - STRIKE ON BACK

3469 Brainerd Rd
Chattanooga, TN 37411

INSTANT REDNECK ATTACK

IF YOU'RE EVER IN CHATTANOOGA, CHECK OUT THE PLEASANTLY NAMED "INSTANT BEER PLEASURE" LOUNGE, CUZ THAT'S WHERE SOME GREAT SHOWS HAPPEN, AS WELL AS INSPIRATIONAL PUNK VICTORIES OVER LOCAL REDNECKS. THE 'NECKS GOT ROWDY AT THE LOS CANADIANS SHOW AND ASKED AUDIENCE MEMBER CINDY, IF SHE WAS A BOY, OR A GIRL. THERE WERE SOME BACK AND FORTH INSULTS, 'TIL SPAWN SACS DRUMMER, QUANNAH, TOLD THE REDNECKS, IN TRUE QUANNAH-INCOMPREHENSIBLE STYLE "YOUR MOTHER'S A TOMATO!" NOT WANTING TO ADMIT THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THAT MEANT THE REDNECKS TRIED TO FISTFIGHT THE PUNKS, BUT THE WHOLE CROWD CHARGED UP ON THE 3 'NECKS AND TOLD 'EM WHAT WAS UP! AFTER THE 'NECKS WERE GONE, THE SHAFERS PLAYED PROVING, ONCE AGAIN, THAT THE ROCK IS UNSTOPPABLE!!!

I THINK MY FAVORITE BACKSTAGE SHOW, SO FAR, WAS A COUPLE WEEKS AGO WHEN REGION ROCKERS, JOEY TAMPON AND THE TOXIC SHOCKS CAME TO TOWN. FIRST, THE BONEHEADS, LED BY THEIR MADMAN DRUMMER, TORE THROUGH A TIGHT, STRAIGHT AHEAD ATTACK, AND EVEN BROKE OUT A DILKS COVER. THEN, MY BAND, THE HIDDEN RESENTMENTS SWEATED OUT A WHOLE 12-PAK, BROKEN COLLARBONE AND ALL. BUT, THEN THE TOXIC SHOCKS BURNED THE SHIT TO THE GROUND WITH DRUMMER, GREG, FULLY RUING OFF THE DRUM STOOL TO HIT THE CRASH, EVERY TIME, AND BASSIST, NEIL, BREAKING HIS STRAP BUT FINISHING THE SET, WITH IT WRAPPED, NOOSE-LIKE AROUND HIS CHOKING NECK! YO! WHEN BIG HECTOR, OF DARVIS BROWN, PUT ON THE TAMPON SUIT AND STARTED MOSHING EVERYBODY DOWN, THE PLACE WENT NUTS - WALL TO WALL DANCING, WITH NO HINT OF VIOLENCE, JUST JUMPING, YELLING, BEER SPITTING FUN WITH THIS BIG, HAPPY TAMPON IN THE MIDDLE OF IT!

BUT THE SHOW OF THE YEAR MAY HAVE BEEN THE NEW BOMB TURKS SHOW DOWN AT CHEERS. I WAS SORT-OF SKEPTICAL OF THE TURKS, CUZ I THOUGHT THEY MIGHT JUST BE SOME RETRO-BANDWAGONEERS ON A BIG LABEL, BUT I FIGURED I'D STEAL A BOTTLE OF WINE AND GO TRY AND SNEAK INTO THE SHOW. WELL, THEY TOTALLY BLEW ME AWAY BY SPLITTING THE SKULLS OF THE AUDIENCE FOR WELL OVER AN HOUR WITH PURE BAD ASS ROCK! THE CROWD DANCED LIKE HELL FOR THE WHOLE SHOW, AND I THOUGHT WE WERE GUNNA CAVE THE FLOOR IN, EVEN THOUGH, I KNOW ITS, TECHNICALLY, NOT POSSIBLE. RECLUSIVE, OLDER PUNK ROCKERS DRAINED THEIR BEERS AND EXECUTED THEIR FIRST STAGE DIVES IN YEARS! IT WAS GREAT, AND I WAS TOTALLY CONVINCED BY THE STRENGTH OF THE TURK ROCK TO GO STEAL THEIR NEW CD FROM STREET! IT WAS JUST ONE OF THOSE RARE SHOWS WHERE A BAND CAN MAKE A HUGE ROOM FULL OF PEOPLE FEEL LIKE THEY'RE ALL PART OF THE SAME THING. AFTERWARDS, I TABLE DINED PIZZA SLAPS AT CASOLA'S ACROSS THE STREET WITH ALL THESE PUNKS WHO I'D NEVER MET BEFORE, AND FELT LIKE I KNEW ALL THESE RAD, NEW PEOPLE...

BANNED FOR LIFE?

AS OF THIS WRITING, THE WORD IS THAT CHEERS IS CLOSING. THIS NEWS COMES ABOUT A MONTH AFTER I WAS PERSONALLY "BANNED FOR LIFE" FOR TRYING TO SNEAK INTO THE DARVIS BROWN/MORONS SHOW WITH A POORLY FAKED STAMP. FOR LIFE, HUH?

SPEAKING OF "BANNED FOR LIFE", JUST ABOUT ANYONE WHO IS ANYONE HAS BEEN BANNED FOR LIFE FROM CHURCHILL'S, BUT, USUALLY, OWNER, DAVE DANIELS, THE SLEAZY, DRUNKEN, BRIT, IS TOO TRASHED TO REMEMBER THAT HE KICKED YOU OUT. FOR INSTANCE, CAVITY, WAS GIVEN THE BOOT WAY BACK IN 1992 WHEN THEY WERE CALLED CRAWL BECAUSE THEIR DIRGE, FEEDBACK ATTACK CLEARED OUT THE WHOLE BAR. THESE DAYS, THEY PROBABLY BRING THE PAINFUL CAVITY ROCK TO CHURCHILL'S ONCE A MONTH!

JUST ABOUT EVERY SHOW THAT CHANGED MY LIFE, THAT EVER MATTERED TO ME, THAT CAUSED ME TO STILL BE WIDE AWAKE WHEN THE SUN CAME UP, HAPPENED AT CHURCHILL'S, AND ITS STILL A GREAT PLACE TO SEE SHOWS. BUT I THINK ITS STATUS AS A LOCAL "INSTITUTION" HAS TAKEN SOME ENERGY OUT OF IT. MAYBE DAVE'S RECENT PUBLIC THREATS TO SELL THE PLACE WILL LIGHT A FIRE UNDER THE CROWD, AND MAKE IT SEEM MORE SPECIAL, OR MAYBE THE SHOWS WILL JUST KEEP GETTING A LITTLE MORE DULL AND PEOPLE WILL KEEP DRINKING MORE TO TRY AND COVER IT UP. WHO KNOWS?

THE CLOSING OF CLUBS MAKES ME THINK OF THIS SKID ROW DOUGHNUT SHOP I USED TO HANG OUT IN IN SAN FRANCISCO. THE COUNTER GUY WOULD ALWAYS BAN PEOPLE FOR LIFE FOR BEING TOO DRUNK OR SLEEPING ON THE TABLES, OR TRYING TO FENCE STOLEN PROPERTY. BUT, AFTER A COUPLE WEEKS OF WORKING THERE, THE COUNTER GUY WOULD, INVARIABLY, LOSE HIS MIND AND QUIT. THEN THERE'D BE A NEW COUNTER-GUY AND ALL THE DUDES WHO GOT BANNED WOULD SLOWLY COME BACK. THE COUNTER GUYS, AND CLUBS COME AND GO, BUT WE, THE PUNKS, WILL STILL BE HERE!

FREE FOOD, FREE COFFEE, FREE PRACTICE, TWO DOLLAR SHOWS

MIAMI FOOD NOT BOMBS IS NOW SERVING FREE, VEGETARIAN FOOD ON SUNDAYS AT 2:00 PM (OR, VLT, CLOSE TO IT) AT THE EMPTY LOT ON GRAND AVENUE AT MARGARET STREET IN COCONUT GROVE, NEXT TO THE FINA GAS STATION, 2 BLOCKS WEST OF THE POST OFFICE. BELIEVE IT, OR NOT, LAKE WORTH HAD A FOOD NOT BOMBS FOR MONTHS THAT NO ONE DOWN HERE KNEW ABOUT. THEY SERVE THURSDAY AFTERNOONS AT JOHN PRINCE PARK ON LAKE WORTH BOULEVARD, WEST OF I-95 A BIT, ON THE LEFT.

THE NEW YESTERDAY AND TODAY RECORDS IS NOW OPEN IN LOVELY DOWNTOWN SOUTH MIAMI, AND IS NOW FULLY UNDER PUNK CONTROL, AS STARCRUNCH RECORD LABEL GUY, CHRIS WHO PUT OUT

REPRINTED WITH NO
PERMISSION FROM
1979 FANZINE
"MOUTH OF THE RAT",
ISSUE #11
FROM BOCA RATON, FL!

I GUESS YOU CAN CALL IT "THE END OF AN ERA".
THE TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY NITE FORAYS INTO
PUNK ROCK ARE A THING OF THE PAST, TIGHT SPOTS
IS MOVING TO GREENER PASTURES. I NEVER THOUGHT
I'D MISS A PLACE THAT CHARGED \$1.50
FOR BEER, ABUSED MY FRIENDS, UNDERPAID ITS
OPENING BANDS AND THREW ME OUT FOR DANCING,
BUT I ACTUALLY GOT A LUMP IN MY THROAT.
DURING THE CICHLIDS LAST SET THERE, LIKE ROBT,
SAID WELL IT'LL HAPPEN SOMEWHERE ELSE BUT
IT JUST WON'T BE THE SAME... YEAH, FUCK IT I WILL
MISS THE PLACE... SO NOW IT'S SAT. NITE AND I
CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER WHERE THAT PLACE WILL
BE... THERE ARE A FEW PEOPLE AND PLACES PLOT-
TING AND PLANNING AND IT WILL BE INTERESTING

TO SEE WHAT WE'LL HAVE TO PUT UP WITH AND
GO THROUGH IN THE INTERIM... OF COURSE, WE'LL
SEE THE EAT, THE GIRLS AND THE CICHLIDS AROUND
BUT IT WILL BE GREAT WHEN WE FIND A CLUB
WE CAN "ALL" CALL HOME... IT'S OUT THERE SOME-
WHERE... SOME PEOPLE ARE TALKING WARE-
HOUSE AND THAT COULD BE OUR BEST BET,
SURELY SOMEWHERE BETWEEN MIAMI AND
WEST PALM BEACH THERE IS A WAREHOUSE...
IN THE MEANTIME IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S EVERY
MAN FOR HIMSELF.....

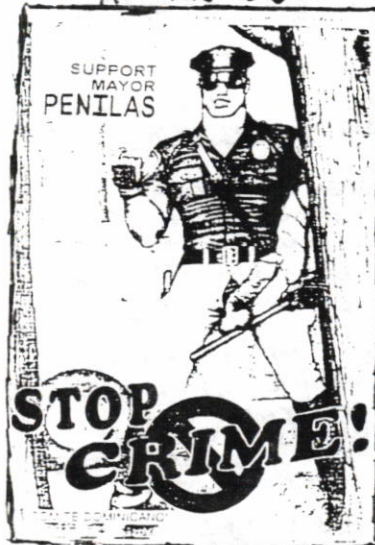
Continued From

THE STUNGUNS, LOS CANADIANS, KREAMY 'LECTRIC SANTA, THE DRUG CZARS...) IS SLOWLY BUYING IT FROM THE OLD OWNER. THE NEW STORE ALSO FEATURES VIDEO RENTAL AND MAY POSSIBLY HAVE SHOWS! IT IS CONVENIENTLY LOCATED, BY THE WAY, NEAR TWO WEIRD, OFTEN OVERLOOKED SOURCES OF FREE COFFEE — THE WINN-DIXIE GROCERY STORE, AND... THE WAITING ROOM AT TIRE KINGDOM ON U.S. 1! NO SHIT! SOUTH MIAMI — "EPICENTER OF FREE COFFEE!"

SPACE CADET STUDIOS REMAINS A GOOD EXAMPLE OF PEOPLE WORKING LIKE HELL TO DO STUFF, INSTEAD OF JUST SITTING AROUND TALKING ABOUT IT. THEY'VE BEEN DOING DIFFERENT TYPES OF SHOWS, USUALLY ONLY FOR TWO BUCKS, WHERE THEY HAVE AN "ART OPENING" IN THE FRONT ROOM AND THEN A COUPLE BANDS PLAYING IN THE BACK ROOM. THEIR INCREDIBLE FREE REHEARSAL SPACE FOR BANDS IS NO LONGER AVAILABLE, BECAUSE SOME PEOPLE DELIBERATELY TRASHED THEIR EQUIPMENT, BUT THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE OPENING A NEW SPACE FOR REHEARSAL THAT WILL HAVE ONE ROOM STILL AVAILABLE FREE OF CHARGE! EVEN COOLER, THOUGH, IS HOW, THROUGH BIG BROTHERS/BIG SISTERS ASSOCIATION, THEY'VE ALLOWED THEIR SPACE AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS TO BE USED BY GROUPS OF INNER CITY KIDS, WHO WOULDN'T ORDINARILY HAVE THE EXPOSURE TO EXPENSIVE EQUIPMENT!

STOP CRIME!
SUPPORT MAYOR PENILAS
COMITE DOMINICANO

FIG. A & FIG. B



WHEN THESE ANTI-CRIME STICKERS (FIG. A) SUDDENLY APPEARED ALL OVER DOWNTOWN AND LITTLE HAVANA, WE, THE CRIMINALS, HAD TO STRIKE BACK! SO ME AND IVY MADE THESE FLYERS (FIG. B), WITH THE HELP OF CHUCK LOOSE'S EXTENSIVE LIBRARY OF GAY COP PORNOGRAPHY, AND I USED TRUSTY OLE 3M SPRAY GLOO TO PUT 'EM UP NEXT TO THE OTHER STICKERS, EVERYWHERE! JASON HUDSON TOOK ONE AND FAXED IT TO LOCAL AM RADIO CELEBRITY, NEIL ROGERS, WHILE HE WAS ON THE AIR, AND, ACCORDING TO JASON, ROGERS BROKE OUT LAUGHING AND SPENT THE REST OF THE SHOW JOKING ABOUT IT...

FEDEX SCAMMED

WHILE WORKING ON THIS ISSUE ON MANY LATE NIGHTS AT THE BRICKELL KWKO'S, I COULDN'T HELP NOTICE THAT OFTEN, ESPECIALLY ON SUNDAYS WHEN THERE'S NO FEDEX PICKUP, THE FEDEX PICKUP BOX WOULD BE FULL, SO PEOPLE WOULD JUST LEAVE THEIR PACKAGES OUTSIDE THE BOX TO BE PICKED UP. THIS MEANS THE AIR BILL, THAT CONTAINS THE FEDEX ACCOUNT NUMBER (MAIL EQUIVALENT OF CALLING CARD #) AND ALL OTHER PERTINENT INFO. THAT YOU NEED TO SEND A PACKAGE, IS IN FULL VIEW FOR ANYONE TO COPY DOWN AND USE! TRY IT WITH SOMETHING UNIMPORTANT FIRST TO SEE IF THE # WORKS, AND DON'T USE YOUR REAL NAME...

SCAM AND PUNK SHIT IN THE LIBRARY

IN AN EFFORT TO REACH MORE OF OUR TARGET AUDIENCE — YOUKNOW, BUMS — SCAM IS NOW AVAILABLE IN THE SAN FRANCISCO MAIN PUBLIC LIBRARY AND THE UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA LIBRARY AT MISSOULA. IT WAS PRETTY EXCITING TO GET IN THE RAD OLD SF LIBRARY BEFORE THEY SWITCHED BUILDINGS. IF YOU'RE DOWN THERE, CHECK IT OUT, 'CZ THEY'VE GOT EVERY ISSUE OF MUDFLAP! I'M SORT OF WORRIED ABOUT THIS MONTANA THING, THOUGH. I'M AFRAID THE WHITE SEPARATIST MILITIA GUYS ARE GOING TO USE THE RECEIPT SCAM TO BUY AK-47'S! FUK!

MEANWHILE, MY BIG MIAMI-PUNK-IN-THE-LIBRARY PROJECT HAS SORT OF STALLED FOR NOW. THE HEAD OF THE FLORIDA ROOM WAS VERY ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT MY DONATING A "LOCAL MUSIC COLLECTION" WHICH WAS, OF COURSE, ALL PUNK. I DONATED A SMALL PILE OF STUFF LIKE SCAM, SUBURBAN RELAPSE ZINE, CHICKENHEAD, LOS CANADIANS, THE EAT, MORBID OPERA, K.L.S., "WE CAN'T HELP IT IF WE'RE FROM FLORIDA" COMP., ETC... AND, NOW, A YEAR LATER, IT'S ALL STILL IN SOME MYSTERIOUS VAULT AWAITING "CLASSIFICATION." MAYBE IF YOU, THE SCAM READER BUG 'EM ABOUT IT...

BY THE WAY, DID ANYBODY BESIDES ME AND IVY SEE THE EXHIBIT OF "COURTROOM SKETCHES OF MIAMI" IN THE MAIN LIBRARY? IT WAS TOTALLY HILARIOUS! A "WHO'S WHO?" OF MIAMI IGNOMINIOUS DEFEAT, WITH ALL THE GREATS AND NEAR GREATS LIKE INDICTED COMMISSIONER DAWKINS, INDICTED CITY MANAGER ODIO, INDICTED MIAMI BEACH MAYOR, ALEX DAQUD, INDICTED HIALEAH MAYOR, RAUL MARTINEZ, AS WELL AS TED BUNDY, THE YAHWEH-BEN-YAHWEH, SHERIFF NICK NAVARRO, THE MIAMI RIVER COPS, AND, OF COURSE, GENERAL NORIEGA! NOW THAT'S AN ART EXHIBIT!

I READ IT IN THE HERALD!

THE DRUG, SPEED, LONG UNAVAILABLE IN SOUTH FLORIDA, IS SOON TO HIT THE MARKET HERE, REPLACING HEROIN, ACCORDING TO THE DEA, AND I CAN'T WAIT. SINCE I MOVED AWAY FROM THE WEST COAST, WHERE SPEED IS THE DRUG OF CHOICE, I'VE MISSED THE MYSTERIOUS 4:00 AM GARDENERS AND MECHANICS — THE LURKING HENCHMEN AND MAD INVENTORS OF THE FAILED SUBURB. ASK NOT WHO THE TOOTHLESS, MUSTACHIOD HESHER STANDS IN HIS YARD FOR AT DAWN — HE STANDS FOR YOU!

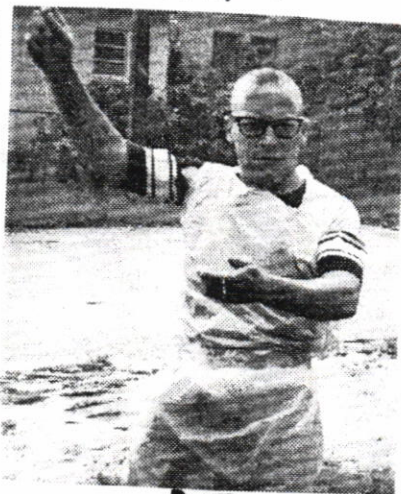
FREE PUNK SHOWS IN THE SWAMP!

WITH SUMMER COMING UP, HOPEFULLY THE PROUD, MIAMI TRADITION OF JUST TAKING A GENERATOR TO THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE AND HAVING A PUNK SHOW, WILL CONTINUE. OVER THE LAST COUPLE YEARS, THERE'S BEEN A BUNCH OF GOOD SHOWS AT A MYSTERIOUS EVERGLADES BOAT LAUNCH OFF KROME AVENUE, WITH TONS OF BEER, SPRAYPAINTED SHIRTS AND FOOD SOLD TO PAY THE BANDS, AND BANDS FROM THE REGION, LIKE LES TURDZ, UANBULDERASS, AND CRACKROCK, AND LOCAL ROCKERS, AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY, PIN KAI, AND THE CRUMBS. WE NEVER HAD ANY TROUBLE FROM COPS, BUT, ONE TIME WE DID HAVE TO MOVE A BUNCH OF CARS WHEN A STUNNED FISHERMAN SHOWED UP TO ACTUALLY LAUNCH A BOAT...

THE "ANDRE AGASSI SCAM"?



AGASSI



PUT

MILLIONS CHEER FOR ANDRE AGASSI, THE TEMPER-MENTAL, SHAVEN-HEADED TENNIS STAR AND HUSBAND OF BROOKE SHIELDS AS HE WINS TOURNAMENT AFTER TOURNAMENT. DOZENS SHOUT, "HELL, YEAH!" AS TIMMY PUT THE LOVABLE, LITTLE, BALD BASSIST OF LOS CANADIANS SENDS HEARTS SKYWARD WITH HIS SOARING, MELODY BASS LINES. NOW, ONE TELEVISION COMMERCIAL HAS BROUGHT THEM TOGETHER IN MIAMI LEGEND, FOREVER...

TIMMY GOT HIS "BIG BREAK" WHILE WORKING HIS DAY JOB AS DELIVERY GUY FOR A COCONUT GROVE HEALTH FOOD STORE. WHEN HE DELIVERED FOOD TO THE SET OF A COMMERCIAL FOR THE UPCOMING LIPTON TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT KEY BISCAINE, THE AD EXEC'S WERE IN THE PROCESS OF TRYING TO FIND SOMEONE TO PLAY AGASSI, AS A JOKE, IN A COMMERCIAL FOR THE TOURNAMENT. ONE EXEC SAID, "HOW ABOUT THE DELIVERY GUY?" HE WAS HIRED RIGHT AWAY.

IN THE COMMERCIAL THAT Aired FOR A MONTH ON LOCAL TV, TIMMY, HOLDING A TENNIS RACKET AND KEEPING HIS TATTOOS WELL OUT OF SIGHT, WAS QUESTIONED AS AGASSI BY VETERAN ESPN TENNIS ANALYST, CLIFF DRYSDALE, WITH HIS TRADEMARK, CLIPPED, BRITISH ACCENT. DRYSDALE ASKED TIMMY, "ANDRE, WILL YOU MAKE #1 AGAIN?" TIMMY'S RAMBLING AD-LIB RESPONSES WERE ABOUT HIS LOVE OF HIS AND BROOKE'S NEW, SOFT PUPPY, AND ABOUT THE INDESCRIBABLE BEAUTY OF THE ACTUAL SHADE OF A TENNIS RACKET. WHILE HE ANSWERED, CLIPS WERE SHOWN OF TIMMY STUMBLING AROUND A YODDING STUDIOUSLY.

TIM GOT PAID AND HIS NEIGHBORHOOD CELEBRITY INCREASED, ALONG WITH HIS TIPS, BUT THAT SEEMED TO BE THE END OF IT.

BUT, THEN, WORD GOT BACK TO TIMMY THAT ANDRE HIMSELF HAD SEEN THE COMMERCIALS AND HAD LOVED THEM. TIMMY WAS ASKED TO APPEAR ON COMEDIAN AND FAILED TALK SHOW HOST, DENNIS MILLER'S HBO SPECIAL THAT WAS COVERING THE LIPTON TOURNAMENT! HE WAS GIVEN A FULL TENNIS OUTFIT AND WAS TOLD THAT HE WOULD BE PRESENTING AN AWARD TO ANDRE, AS ANDRE. PRETTY DRY STUFF, TO BE SURE, BUT WHO SAID TENNIS WAS FUNNY?

BEFORE THE SHOW, TIM GATHERED TOGETHER LOS CANADIANS T-SHIRTS AND RECORDS FOR ANDRE AND BROOKE. THE CANADIANS WERE PLANNING A TOUR AND, BEFORE HE LEFT FOR THE



WISH YOU WERE HERE!

SINCE MIAMI'S "OFFICIAL" IMAGE IS BASED ON POSTCARD SCENES - YA KNOW, BIKINIS AND HOTELS - I THOUGHT IT'D BE FUN TO FUCK WITH. SO I MADE THE ABOVE POSTCARDS, ON REAL POSTCARD STOCK, OF BIKINI GIRLS WITH HUGE PENISES AND THE MIAMI CRACK HOUSE, AND TOOK 'EM OUT AND STUCK 'EM IN POSTCARD RACKS IN GIFTSHOPS ALL OVER TOWN, NEXT TO THE NORMAL ONES! CHUCK SCANNED THE CARDSTOCK COPIES AT HIS WORK...

leave, because soon we would be treated, one and all, to a real, live, gross puking man!

People gathered around Ralph. Tension mounted. Could he really do it ??? Like, without using his fingers ???

Well, to make a long, painful story short, Ralph just didn't have it that day. He couldn't do it. I felt real bad for him; I mean, here was a truly tortured artist at work. But what consolation could you really offer the guy? "I'm sure you'll puke again, someday"? This was getting too absurd! The show was falling apart. The generator wasn't fixed. Chuck Loose's buttcrack mocked a drunk and impatient crowd.

We looked for an outdoor outlet at the park, but couldn't find any. Then, we were approached by a mysterious, old, white-haired, Cuban guy, who spoke little English, but merely took our extension cord, walked into the park office, and plugged us in! We were saved! The SHAFFERS started playing again, and the crowd danced like hell. Dust rose, and beer spilled, and spit flew. The show was going great, but when THE CRUMBS were about to play, a young guy in a park department shirt came running up, frantically, saying we had to stop! He said the old, white-haired guy didn't actually work for the park, and that he just hung out there! We didn't have a permit, so we could use the park, but not the power...

Thinking quick, Tom from Ft. Lauderdale, who had somehow managed to attend the show, while being on house arrest, stepped forward and peeled a crisp, new 20 dollar bill out of his wallet. "Are you sure we can't just use it a little?" he asked.

The park kid smiled and took the 20! "Like, I said, you can only use the power for two more hours, 'til I get off..." he corrected himself. He was a corrupt, park department worker! Of course, as a Miami citizen, I am shocked and outraged at this corruption at all levels of city government, but, the show must go on!

THE CRUMBS played, and then, before AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY could play, the cops showed up. Technically, we were all legal, but would the actual law stop the man from trying to bust our music? The cops talked to the park kid, and... he stayed bought! He told them we were fully allowed to be there, with permission from Rivas, and the cops split in 5 minutes! Yo! A.A.A., of course, wrote an anti-cop song about it right there on the spot. Just kidding.

With the corrupt park guy, the weird, but kindly, old Cuban dude, the cops, and Jose Marti out of the way, there was only one last miami-style problem we could encounter (barring Voodoo or Santeria attack): surly, gang members from the neighborhood. A bunch of young gang kids were watching the show. They were there with Ivy's sisters, who were in the gang, too. One of the kids got moshed too hard during AAA's set, and he took it personally, so he started throwing rocks at the band and crowd. It almost got really tense but at this crucial moment, Ivy's sister rushed to the stage, grabbed the mike, and, apparently making fun of the punk rock style, she screamed,

"¡TE AMO! ¡Y SI NO ME AMAS, MATO A SU PERRO!"

which loosely translates as "I love you. If you don't love me, I'll kill your dog!" And the gang kids started laughing at us instead. The rest of the show went fine, everyone got drunk as hell in downtown, and CALLE PUNK-0 would go down in Miami history as a true punk victory over the man!

HYDE PARK MARKET (32nd Ave + US 1): BECAME THE FIRST LOCAL GROCERY STORE WITH CARPET AND A SUSHI BAR, AND SPENT A LOT OF CASH ON NEW CAMERAS, BUT ITS STILL JUST AS EASY TO RIPOFF AS IT ALWAYS WAS, AS SOME AISLES DON'T HAVE CAMERAS! D.H. TARGET: WHEN YOU DEVELOP FILM AT TARGET, THEY PUT IT OUT IN A BIN WHEN ITS DONE, SO YOU CAN GO GET IT AND RIP IT OFF WITHOUT HAVING TO EVER LET AN EMPLOYEE SEE YOU! WINN-DIXIE SUPERMARKET (32nd Local Way): THIS IS THE NEW STORE ON THE SIGHT OF THE SADLY MISSED X-TRA STORE. I GUESS X-TRA WAS SO EASY TO STEAL FROM THAT WE PUT 'EM OUT OF BUSINESS. I SWEAR, I EVEN WENT TO X-TRA ON DATES, AND YOU COULD ALWAYS DRINK

→ A SCENE REPORT FOR CRIMINALS

BEER AND MAKE OUT IN THE BEER AISLE AT 3:00 AM! W.D. HAS PULLED OUT ALL THE STOPS, WITH BULK FOOD, FREE COFFEE, LOTS OF FREE SAMPLES, AND EVEN A GUY IN A PLANTAIN SUIT AT THE GRAND OPENING! BUT IT CAN'T WIN MY HEART, AS NEW CAMERAS AND IN-STORE WACKENHUT HAVE MADE FILLING A BACKPACK WITH BEER HARD. (2) TEXAS TACO - NOTORIOUS LOCAL LEGENDARY DUMSTER DIVER AND METER-ROOM DWELLER, PUNCH, TIPPED ME TO THIS PLACE'S FREE COKE REFILLS. ANYTIME A NEW RESTAURANT LIKE THIS OPENS, YOU HAVE TO GO TRY OUT THE EMPLOYEES AND SEE IF THEY'RE THE KIND OF PEOPLE WHO ARE GONNA TRY AND FIST FIGHT YOU OVER A COKE. I GOT THE COKE CUP AND WENT UP IN FULL VIEW OF THE KID AT THE COUNTER, STARED HIM IN THE EYE, AND FILLED IT UP. HE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING! HE'S SOFT. THE PUNKS'LL OWN HIM. THE PLACE HAD PRETTY GOOD TABLE DIVING, TOO, I MIGHT ADD, BUT THE BLARING TV'S SORT OF TURNED ME OFF. I SAY STICK TO TACO BECC.

TAPING, TIMMY ANNOUNCED THAT HE INTENDED TO ASK ANDRE FOR \$10,000 TO FINANCE THE TOUR. "ANDRE WILL GIVE IT TO ME. I KNOW HE WILL," SAID TIM.

BUT, AT THE TAPING, ANDRE NEVER SHOWED AND TIMMY WAS TOLD THAT HIS PRESENTATION WOULDN'T BE TAPED. TIM'S NEW JOB WAS TO MIMIC IN THE CROWD AS ANDRE. INSTEAD, HE SAT AROUND THE SET ALL DAY, GUZZLING COMP. BEERS IN A DULL RAGE.

WHEN IT CAME TIME TO ANNOUNCE THE AWARD, TIMMY AND SOME TENNIS PRO WERE ANNOUNCED BY DENNIS MILLER. TIMMY WAS TOO DRUNK TO READ THE TELEPROMPTER, SO HE TRIED TO AD-LIB A PRESENTATION, BUT THE TENNIS PRO REFUSED TO PLAY A CONG. THE CROWD WAS STUNNED. MILLER, THE SMUG BASTARD, APOLOGIZED SMIRKINGLY TO THE CROWD, CALLING TIMMY, "A MONKEY VENTRILOQUIST." IT WAS AN UGLY SCENE. TIMMY'S STAR HAD CRUELLY FALLEN JUST BEFORE HIS RISE TO CABLE TV STARDOM, DINNER WITH ANDRE AND BROOKE, THE WORLD OF THE \$10,000 HANDSHAKE... BACKSTAGE, TIMMY DRUNKENLY YELLED AT EVEN MORE WASHED UP COMEDIAN, PAULY SHORE (A FELLOW PRESENTER) AND, FINALLY CORNERED A CHANNEL 10 SPORTS REPORTER, DEMANDING A HUNDRED BUCKS! "I'M ANDRE, DAMN IT!" HE BELLOWED.

TIMMY NEVER DID MEET ANDRE. A COUPLE DAYS LATER ABASSI LOST IN A SURPRISE, FIRST-ROUND UPSET TO AN UNRANKED ARGENTINIAN. BUT UNRANKED DELIVERY GUY, TIM, HAS MOVED ON TO A NEW PRINT AD FOR LOCAL RECORD STORE SPEC'S!



VOODOO IS PUNK!

SANTERIA VS. THE COPS!

TO KEEP THE POLICE AWAY

Grind sage leaves into a powder and blow on your door.

TO ESCAPE THE LAW

Rub your head with two quail hens. Bite their heads off and let the blood drip on your head. Spread their feathers up and down the street.

CRUDE, BUT EFFECTIVE...

JUST AFTER CHRISTMAS, MY OLD RUSTY BIKE THAT HAD SERVED ME FOR ALMOST 2 YEARS (AN ALL-TIME RECORD) GOT STOLEN OUTSIDE OF A LITTLE HAVANA BAKERY. I WAS GOING TO DIE WITHOUT ONE, SO, AFTER A COUPLE WEEKS OF THINKING ABOUT IT, I FINALLY WENT TO A LOCAL DEPARTMENT STORE, GRABBED A FLOOR MODEL MOUNTAIN BIKE, AND... UH... HEADED FOR THE DOOR! IT WAS SO EXCITING! AS I HEADED FOR THE DOOR, I THOUGHT, "I CAN'T BELIEVE ITS REALLY HAPPENING!" I GUESS NO ONE SAW ME, BUT I RODE LIKE HELL, ANYWAYS, TO A FRIEND'S HOUSE WHERE I SCRATCHED OFF THE SERIAL #S. WITHIN AN HOUR IT WAS SPRAY PAINTED BLUE AND ALL MINE. NOT EXACTLY A SCAM, BUT...

ANIMAL SACRIFICE IN THE NEWS

IT CAN BE REALLY HARD TO WRITE ABOUT AND LIVE IN MIAMI AT THE SAME TIME, SOMETIMES, AS EVERY DAY, THE NEWS BRINGS SOME INCREDIBLY RIDICULOUS STORY. CHECK THIS MIAMI HERALD STORY: "A MIAMI HUSBAND AND WIFE CLAIMING TO OFFER A MANATEE SKULL, A FROZEN BALD EAGLE, A HUMAN FETUS, AND OTHER HUMAN BODY PARTS FOR SALE TO SANTERIA PRIESTS HAVE BEEN ARRESTED FOR ALLEGED VIOLATIONS OF FEDERAL WILDLIFE LAWS." HOW MUCH OF THIS SHIT CAN YOU TAKE EVERY DAY? "THE COUPLE WERE ARRESTED AFTER A METRO-DADE COP, POSING AS A SANTERIA PRIEST, PAID \$1600 FOR TWO FROZEN OWLS, A HAWK, TWO ELEPHANT TUSKS, AND A RABBIT FETUS..." SHEESH!

NEXT TIME THE GUYS ON GRAND AVENUE ASK, "ARE YOU STRAIGHT, MAN?" I'M GOING TO SEE IF THEY CAN SCORE ME SOME RABBIT FETUS!

PUNCH LINE TO THIS LONG JOKE: "HEY! THIS ISN'T RABBIT FETUS!!!

ITS A BAG OF OREGANO!"

A voodoo curse caused a scuffle between two neighbors. The fight began about 10:41 a.m. Thursday when one neighbor accused the other of placing a voodoo object on her doorstep in the 6400 block on Indian Creek Drive. Both women suffered minor scratches to their arms. Police warned them to stay away from each other.

TO OBTAIN A PRISONER'S RELEASE (MIAMI STYLE!)

A rooster Cemetery dust

Cotton thread in red, black, white, yellow, blue, green, and brown

Sacrifice the rooster to Elegua. Toast the rooster's feathers and grind them to a powder. Mix the powder with the dust.

Tear out the rooster's tongue and wind it tightly in the different colored threads. It is to be given to the prisoner to unwind in his or her cell.

Sprinkle a light, but steady, stream of powder from the Orisha's house to the jail and back again.

THE ROAD TO TALLAHASSEE IS PAVED WITH GROSS AND UNNATURAL ACTS!!! THE TRUE, SHOCKING STORY!

THERE'S THIS KIND OF UNWRITTEN LAW OF HITCH HIKING WHERE IF YOU'RE WALKING UP TO THE ON-RAMP AND SOMEONE'S ALREADY THERE, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO WALK PAST THEM TO A WORSE SPOT, THAT, IF POSSIBLE, IS OUT OF SIGHT OF THE FIRST HITCHER. A BUNCH OF PEOPLE IN ONE SPOT HAVE LESS CHANCE OF GETTING RIDES, AND SINCE THE FIRST HITCHER WAS ALREADY WAITING, POSSIBLY FOR DAYS, YOU GIVE 'EM THE GOOD SPOT. THE SOONER THEY GET OUT OF THERE, THE SOONER YOU WILL, TOO.

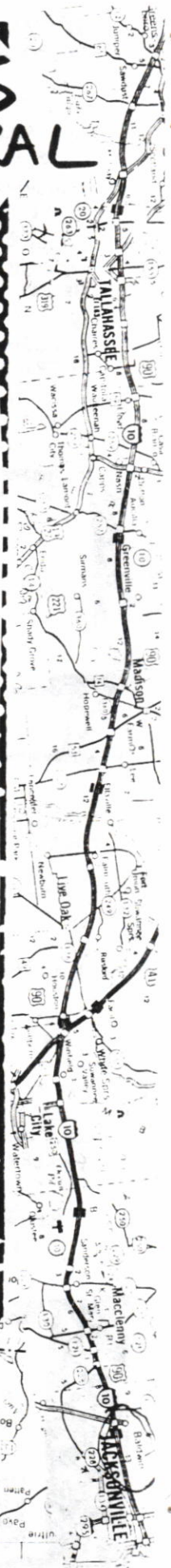
SOMETIMES THIS CAN BE KIND OF A DRAG. LIKE, I REMEMBER, IN CALIFORNIA, SOMETIMES THERE'D BE SO MANY HITCHERS, THAT IT'D SEEM LIKE THEY WERE BEING DROPPED OUT OF HELICOPTERS, JUST IN FRONT OF ME, THE WHOLE WAY UP THE COAST. OR I'D BE WALKING UP TO SOME DESOLATE ROAD, IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, READY TO DROP MY PACK AND PUT OUT THE THUMB, WHEN SOME CRUSTY, OLD HIPPIY AND HIS DOG CRAWL OUT OF THE ROADSIDE SHRUBS AND GET THERE FIRST. I'D WEARILY ASK HIM THE USUAL QUESTION: "WHERE YA HEADED?" HE'D SAY, "BARBERVILLE" I'D SAY, "HOW LONG YA BEEN HERE?" HE'D REPLY, "SINCE 1973." HE'D ASK IF I'D BEEN AT "THE SHOW", MEANING THE GRATEFUL DEAD SHOW. HIS DOG WOULD ASK ME IF I HAD ANY POT, ETCETERA, ETCETERA. THEN, I'D WALK ON UP THE ROAD...

BUT, IN FLORIDA, THERE'S LESS COMPETITION FOR RIDES, SO THAT'S WHY I WAS SURPRISED WHEN I HIT THE I-10 RAMP, HEADED WEST TO TALLAHASSEE, ONLY TO SEE THIS OTHER GUY WITH 3 HUGE BAGS AND A RADIO. HE WAS RIGHT AT THE PERFECT SPOT, TOO, JUST WHERE THERE WAS ENOUGH SHOULDER TO PULL OVER AND THE CARS WERE STILL GOING SLOW ENOUGH TO STOP. HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO ST. LOUIS, PRETTY FAR. HE'D HAVE TO TAKE I-10 TO NEW ORLEANS, AND THEN GET ON I-55 NORTH, OR "NARTH" AS THEY'D SAY IN ST. LOUIS. I WAS ONLY GOING ABOUT 100 MORE MILES, AND I HAD ALL DAY SO I WASN'T TOO WORRIED ABOUT GETTING THE 'SHITTY SPOT' UP AHEAD, ACTUALLY ON THE FREEWAY. I WISHED THE GUY LUCK AND HEADED UP THE ROAD.

WELL, NO CARS STOPPED FOR AGES. IT SUCKED, BUT I KNEW I MUST BE AT THE RIGHT SPOT, BECAUSE OF ALL THE COBWEB-COVERED SKELETONS, HOLDING SIGNS THAT SAID, "TALLAHASSEE" ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD. HA HA! THAT'S A JOKE, KIDS. HITCH HIKING HUMOUR IS VERY IMPORTANT TO ME IN THOSE LONG GAPS BETWEEN RIDES. I USED TO FEEL BAD WHEN I WAS STUCK FOR HOURS AND NO ONE WOULD STOP... THEN I MET A MAN WITH NO THUMB! BWH DUM BUMP! WELL, I STILL HAD ALMOST A WHOLE DAY AHEAD OF ME... THEN, FINALLY, A RED TRUCK DRIVEN BY AN OLD, WHITE HAired GUY PULLED UP AND STOPPED. I HAD A RIDE!

BUT, INSIDE THE TRUCK, MY SPIRITS QUICKLY SANK. RIGHT AWAY, I KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG. I HAD SAID, "I'M GOING TO TALLAHASSEE, WHERE ARE YOU HEADED?" HE SHRUGS AND NONCHALANTLY SAYS, "OH, I DON'T KNOW... 8, 10, 12 MILES UP THE ROAD? SOMETHING LIKE THAT..." HERE'S AN IMPORTANT CLUE FOR FIRST-TIME HITCHERS: IF YOUR RIDE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE THEY'RE GOING, THEY ARE PROBABLY GOING TO ASK YOU TO FUCK THEM! ITS TRUE. SURE

ENOUGH, THE GUY TURNS OUT TO BE A CREEP. I'M SITTING, SOMEWHAT STIFFLY, STARING STRAIGHT AHEAD, THINKING, "WELL, LET'S GET THIS OVER



SCAM PUNKS REFUSE BLOWJOBS, CONT... (ROAD TO TALLAHASSEE...)

OVER WITH - GO AHEAD AND MAKE YOUR MOVE... "HE STARTS ASKING QUESTIONS LIKE, "WHERE ARE YOU FROM?" AND "DO YOU GO TO SCHOOL IN TALLAHASSEE?" - JUST THE USUAL SMALL TALK, BUT THEN, I HEAR A VERY AUDIBLE "ZIP!" AS HE SLOWLY UNZIPS HIS PANTS! I'M NOT REALLY AFRAID OF THIS PATHETIC OLD MAN. INSTEAD, I HAVE A MORBID FASCINATION. IS HE REALLY GOING TO, YA KNOW, TAKE IT OUT?!? HE KEEPS TALKING, NOW WORKING HIS HAND INTO HIS PANTS. "DO YOU WORK IN MIAMI? DO YOU HAVE A GIRLFRIEND?" FINALLY, THE SUSPENSE IS TOO GREAT, AND I HAVE TO LOOK. SURE ENOUGH; THERE IT IS! THE MEAT! HE'S NOT ONLY GOT IT OUT, BUT HE'S FULLY MASTURBATING! NOW, I'D HAD ENOUGH. "AH GOD, WOULD YA JUST PULL OVER RIGHT HERE?!? LET ME OUT!" I YELL, IN DISGUST. ACTUALLY, IN HUNDREDS OF RIDES, IN THE U.S., CANADA, MEXICO, GERMANY, POLAND, ETC, I HAVE ONLY BEEN PROPOSITIONED LIKE THIS 5 OR 6 TIMES, AND NEVER THREATENED, BUT THIS GUY WAS THE MOST PATHETIC AND CRUDE OF ALL. HEY, KEEP YOUR STUPID, OLD PENIS TO YOURSELF, JERK! SHEESH! HE PULLS OVER, MEEKLY, AND I START WACKING.

LUCKILY, HE HAD PULLED OVER AT AN EXIT. MAYBE I SHOULD'VE STAYED WITH THE RIDE. IT PROBABLY WOULD'VE TAKEN THE OLD GEEZER ALL THE WAY TO TALLAHASSEE TO GET OFF, ANYWAYS, AND THEN I'D BE WHERE I NEEDED TO GO. OH WELL... I WALKED UP THE ON-RAMP TOWARDS THE "BEST SPOT", AND, IN AN EXACT REPLAY OF EARLIER THIS MORNING, THERE'S OLE "ST. LOUIS" WITH HIS 3 HUGE BAGS AND RADIO, AGAIN! SHIT. IT LOOKS LIKE THIS GUY'S GONNA DOG MY TRAIL THE WHOLE WAY. BUT, ITS NOT HIS FAULT, AND I WAVE AND SMILE AS I WALK UP. "AH, IT'S YOU AGAIN..." HE LAUGHS AND SAYS, "WHAT ARE YOU TRYIN' TO DO, MAN? WALK TO TALLAHASSEE?" THAT WAS PRETTY FUNNY. WE MIGHT AS WELL LAUGH; IT LOOKED LIKE WE WERE BOTH HAVING SOME PRETTY LOUSY LUCK, AFTER HITCHING ALL DAY TO END UP IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, A MIGHTY 8 MILES FROM WHERE WE BOTH STARTED. I SAID, "NO, I'M NOT WALKING. IT JUST SEEMS LIKE IT. SOME CREEP PICKED ME UP IN BALDWIN AND STARTED JERKIN' OFF, SO I MADE HIM LET ME OUT HERE."

ST. LOUIS' EYES GET WIDE AND HE STARTS LAUGHING LIKE CRAZY. FINALLY, HE SAYS, "WAS IT AN OLD WHITE HAired GUY? IN A RED TRUCK?!?"

Scams in Cuba are more brazen, more common than ever

SCAM EDITORS REPLY: "WE TAKE FULL CREDIT!"

ALEX TREBEK AND THE INTERNATIONAL HOBUNDERGROUND

A SCAM EXCLUSIVE!!!



TREBEK: MILD MANNERED GAME SHOW HOST... OR RUTHLESS HOBOSMUGGLER?!?

THIS STORY COMES TO ME FROM SCAM TRAVEL EDITOR, BRAD. LAST SUMMER, BRAD AND IUY WERE ON A TRAILER TRAIN TO PHILADELPHIA WHEN THE TRAIN COP SAW 'EM, AS THEY ENTERED PHILLY'S TRAIN YARD. THEY DOVE OFF THE MOVING TRAW AND RAN LIKE HELL, BUT STILL GOT CAUGHT. THE TRAIN COP WAS A REAL F*CKER, OF COURSE, WITH A MUSTACHE, AND INSTEAD OF JUST BOOTING 'EM OFF THE YARD, HE DROVE THEM BACK TO HIS OFFICE TO INTERROGATE THEM AND THREATEN THEM FOR AN HOUR! THE COP GAVE 'EM THE USUAL SCARE SPEECHES: 1) "I'M GONNA GIVE YOU 30 DAYS IN JAIL!" 2) "THE YARD IS IN A BAD NEIGHBORHOOD WHERE THEY'LL KILL YOUR WHITE ASS, NO QUESTIONS ASKED IN A SECOND" AND, OF COURSE, 3) "JUST LAST WEEK THEY FOUND SOME GUY ON THE TRACKS, OBLITERATED BY A TRAIN, BLOOD EVERYWHERE, THEY HAD TO SCRAPE 'EM OFF THE TRACKS, ETC." WHEN YOU HOP TRAINS, AFTER AWHILE, EVERYONE

"ALEX TREBEK" CONT.

TELLS YOU ABOUT HOW THEY KNOW SOMEONE WHO LOST A LEG IN A TRAIN ACCIDENT. EVENTUALLY, YOU JUST SHRUG AND THINK, "OH WELL... ANOTHER LEG ON THE PILE..." ANYWAYS, I'M SURE BRAD HAD KINDA TUNED HIM OUT, 'TIL THE PIG ASKED BRAD IF HE WAS IN THE F.T.R.A. THE FREIGHT TRAIN RIDERS OF AMERICA. YOU SEE F.T.R.A. GRAFFITI ALL OVER THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST TRAIN YARDS. DEPENDING ON WHO YOU ASK, THE F.T.R.A. IS EITHER A VERY DANGEROUS TRAIN RIDING GANG WHO THROW PEOPLE OFF MOVING TRAINS, IF THEY DON'T BELONG TO THE F.T.R.A., OR A HARMLESS AND PATHETIC GROUP OF BEARDED OLD MEN WHO LIVE OUTSIDE THE FOODSTAMP OFFICE IN PASCO, WASHINGTON. BRAD TOLD THE COP HE'D NEVER HEARD OF THE F.T.R.A. THE COP SAID HE FOUND THAT HARD TO BELIEVE SINCE THE F.T.R.A. ARE A NATIONWIDE DRUG SMUGGLING RING, WITH TIES TO COLOMBIA, WHO HAVE MEMBERS IN EVERY MAJOR AMERICAN CITY WITH A RAIL YARD! BRAD SHRUGGED. COPS WILL SAY ANYTHING. THE COP WENT ON "LOTS OF GUYS - RICH GUYS, LIKE LAWYERS AND BUSINESSMEN - THEY DRESS UP LIKE HOBOS AND SMUGGLE COCAINE AROUND THE COUNTRY ON FREIGHT TRAINS... IT'S ALL OUT OF L.A. ACTORS, ALEX TREBEK... ALL THOSE GUYS..." WAIT A MINUTE! ALEX TREBEK? THE WITTY, URBANE, WELL-DRESSED HOST OF TELEVISION'S "JEOPARDY!"? THE COP SAYS, "YEAH... THE GUY FROM 'JEOPARDY!' HE'S A BIG GUY IN THE F.T.R.A. THOSE RICH GUYS LOVE TO PLAY HOBOS A COUPLE MONTHS OUT OF THE YEAR... GET ALL GRUBBY-LOOKIN'. HOP A TRAIN... SMUGGLE DRUGS... WELL, FINALLY, THE COP LET BRAD AND IRY GO, BUT THIS TREBEK-THING STILL HANTS US. ALEX TREBEK IS A TRAIN HOPPING, DRUG SMUGGLER "A COUPLE MONTHS OUT OF THE YEAR?" AS THEY SAY ON "JEOPARDY!" - "WHAT IS 'RIDICULOUS'?"

BUT WHAT IF ITS TRUE... ESQUIRE MAGAZINE JUST RAN A BIG STORY ON BORED YUPPIES WHO 'HOP TRAINS. FROM HOPPING TRAINS TO SMUGGLING DRUGS IS JUST A SHORT LEAP FOR A BORED YUPPIE... NOW, IN TRAINYARDS I STILL HAVE NIGHTMARE VISIONS OF GETTING ON THE WRONG BOXCAR. JUST AS THE TRAIN STARTS MOVING REAL FAST, I NOTICE A FIGURE LURKING IN THE DARK CORNER OF THE CAR. ITS TREBEK... HE LEANS CLOSE AND SAYS "A RUTHLESS GANG OF DRUG SMUGGLING HOBOS, BASED ON THE WEST COAST, OF WHICH I AM THE LEADER..." I SAY, "UH... THE F.T.R.A? WAIT!" ITS TOO LATE. TREBEK LEAPS OUT OF THE DARK AND HURLS ME OFF THE MOVING TRAIN! DAYS LATER, THEY WILL HAVE TO SCRAPE ME OFF THE TRACKS... THE LAST WORDS I HEAR: "ANSWER IN THE FORM OF A QUESTION!" AND TREBEK'S SINISTER LAUGH FADING OUT IN THE ROAR OF THE TRAIN... HE SMILES

IN THE DARK, WITH A BRIEFCASE OF HEROIN AND, NOW... MY FOOD STAMP CARD.

WELL, ITS BECOME A MID THING FOR BORED YUPPIES AND BORED PUNKS TO HOP TRAINS. SCAM'S EDITORIAL POSITION ON THIS IS THAT FREIGHT HOPPING IS NOT ONLY ILLEGAL, BUT VERY DANGEROUS. IF YOU MUST HOP TRAINS, FOR GOD'S SAKE, WATCH OUT FOR TREBEK! HE'S OUT THERE, AND HE RIDES AT NIGHT.

DA BANNER

SCAM TREASURE HUNT!

WHILE ON AN EPIC FREIGHT HOPPING TRIP, A COUPLE SUMMERS BACK, I FOUND MYSELF WAITING ON AN EASTBOUND TO KANSAS, IN PUEBLO, COLORADO. I HAD PRETTY MUCH DONE ALL I COULD, DO THAT MORNING IN PUEBLO: I HAD FILLED MY WATER JUG, SHAVED IN THE SAFEWAY GROCERY STORE TOILET, GOT A YUPPIE CAFE TO GIVE ME FREE FOOD, EXPLORED THE OLD TOWN TOOK PICTURES OF AN OLD HOTEL, DID SOME GRAFFITI, AND MADE AN EXTENSIVE STUDY OF PUEBLO'S CREEPY, WHITE POWER GRAFFITI, OF WHICH THERE IS PLENTY. FINALLY, BORED AND LONELY, I GOT A COUPLE BEERS AT 7-11... ONE FOR ME, AND ONE FOR IRY, WHO HAD TOLD ME SHE MIGHT BE TAKING TRAINS OUT OF CALIFORNIA THAT SUMMER. SHE WOULD PROBABLY END UP GOING THROUGH PUEBLO, TOO. SO I FOUND AN EXCELLENT HIDING SPOT FOR THE BEER AND MAILED HER A MAP OF HOW TO FIND IT. SHE NEVER MADE IT TO PUEBLO, THOUGH. SO I FOUND WANTS A QUART OF SHLITZ MALT LIQUOR WHEN THEY'RE STUCK IN PUEBLO, HERE'S WHAT YOU DO: THE 3RD STREET BRIDGE IN OLD TOWN, GOES OVER THE EAST END OF THE TRAIN YARD, UNDER THE BRIDGE, AGAINST THE WALL, I WROTE "SCAM PUNKS" ON AN ELECTRIC POWER BOX WITH YOUR BACK TO THE BOX. STRAIGHT AHEAD IS 20 PAISES IS WHAT LOOKS LIKE AN OUTHOUSE. A LITTLE WOODEN SHED THAT IS UNLOCKED. INSIDE, UNLESS SOMEONE FOUND IT, IS IRY'S BEER. SHE SAID SHE DOESN'T MIND IF YOU DRINK IT...

DA SLOPPY CANYON



SHLITZ KRIEG BOP!!!

A DRUNKEN INSIDE ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST ANNUAL
COCONUT GROVE EASTER SHLITZ HUNT!

ARE YOU READY, PUKEES, FOR THE
1ST ANNUAL
COCONUT GROVE
EASTER SHLITZ
HUNT?!

MAP OF HUNT



IT WAS THE SCAM PUNKS' DREAM COME TRUE - FULL UNOPENED CANS OF GOOD OLE SHLITZ IN THE STREETS, THE ALLEYS, ON THE ROOFTOPS, ON THE STAIRWELLS, IN THE FOUNTAINS, EVEN IN THE TREES OF COCONUT GROVE! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO HAVE SOME BIG CITY WIDE EASTER EGG HUNT, SO, FINALLY THIS EASTER THE FIRST ANNUAL COCONUT GROVE EASTER SHLITZ HUNT WAS

BORN. BEFORE SUNRISE ON EASTER SUNDAY, ME, IUVY AND CARRIE HAD 70 CANS OF SHLITZ, ALL ORNATELY DECORATED IN THE RED AND WHITE SHLITZ LABEL, IN THE GROVE BETWEEN 27TH AND 32ND AVE, FROM OAK AVE. TO THE WATER. EXCEPT WE DIDN'T PUT ANY IN THE MARINA CUZ THOSE SHRIMP DUES CAN SNIFF OUT AN UNOPENED SHLITZ A MILE AWAY. ITS GENETIC, OR SOMETHING.

HIDING THE BEER IN ALL THE WEIRD SPOTS LIKE THE MAYFAIR FOUNTAINS AND PEACOCK PARK BASKETBALL NETS WAS FUN BUT IT WAS HARD TO BREAK WITH A FULL LIFETIME OF DRINKING EXPERIENCE AND JUST PUT A FULL BEER DOWN AND WALK AWAY. IT WAS OK, THOUGH, CUZ ME AND IUVY STOLE ALL THE BEER FROM X-TRA SUPERMARKET.

AROUND NOON WE WOKE UP OUR SHLITZ HUNTERS - THE GRIZZLED HUNGOVER SHLITZ LOVING RESIDENTS OF THE GROVE DRUNK HOUSE. WE MET AT THE BIG CLOCK IN FRONT OF COCO-WALK AND EXPLAINED THE RULES:

YOU GET TO KEEP ALL THE BEER YOU FIND AND WHOEVER FOUND THE MOST IN 2 HOURS WON AN ADDITIONAL NEW 12-PAK!

THE HUNT WAS ON! YO!

WATCHING THEIR HOPELESS, SWEATING, HUNGOVER SEARCH FOR THE BEERS WAS MORE FUN THAN HIDING THE SHLITZ. ONE BEER WAS DUCT-TAPED ON TOP OF THIS HUGE STONE ANCHOR BY THE SAICING CLUB. SHLITZ HUNTER, CINQUE, ACTUALLY SAT ON THE ANCHOR WONDERING WHERE TO LOOK NEXT! DUH! FINALLY, AFTER 2 HOURS, WE MET BACK AT TCBY WHERE BUDDHA WAS WORKING AND COUNTED THE BEERS.

ANDY POWELL WAS THE FIRST SHLITZ HUNT WINNER WITH A MEASLY TOTAL OF 7 SHLITZ! ABOUT 45 BEERS WERE NOT FOUND SO WE WENT AROUND DRINKING AND GATHERING BEER AND WENT TO 7-11 TO AWARD ANDY HIS GRAND PRIZE - 12 COLD SHLITZ!

ANDY WAS GIVEN THE 12-PAK IN A CEREMONY IN THE 7-11 BEER AISLE. VETERAN BRICKELL 7-11 WORKER, SNARLY, WHO HAD JUST TRANSFERRED TO THE GROVE, WAS PHOTOGRAPHED HANDING ANDY HIS VICTORY SHLITZ, WHILE ALL THE PEOPLE IN THE STORE APPLAUDED.

IUVY MADE HIM TAKE A PLAQUE MADE OF CUT UP SHLITZ BOXES AND EVERYONE RUSHED TO CONGRATULATE HIM. IN ALL THE CHAOS I TOOK THE VICTORY TWELVE AND WALKED OUT - WITH OUT PAYING! IT WAS THE SHLITZ HUNT BEER HEIST!!!

EVERYONE GOT DRUNK AND ANDY TOOK HIS WINNING HAUL TO THE STUDIO TO RECORD WITH THE STUN GUNS. STILL NOT ALL THE BEER WAS FOUND AND I KNOW FOR SURE THAT TO THIS DAY THEY STILL FIND SHLITZ IN THE ALLEYS OF COCONUT GROVE.



PICTURED ABOVE: 7-11 CELEBRITY, SNARLY HANDS ANDY THE VICTORY 12-PAK, MOMENTS BEFORE WE STOLE IT!!!

FIG. 1



Crack Art

FIG. 2



FIG. 3



FIG. 4



FIG. 5



FIG. 6



FIG. 7

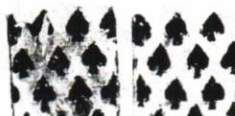


FIG. 8



...AND OTHER DRUGS

BY IVY

LAST SUMMER, I took a vacation to New York City to visit my pal, Little Mike. Brad and I jumped trains to get there from Miami. We were in a hurry to make a deadline, because we wanted to get there in time for THE DICKIES show. We made it and it was such a great show! While I was in New York, I stayed at Mike's, but he had to work alot. He had a job as a dogwalker. One of the dogs he walked was Phil Donahue's. Mike said it ate its own shit!

Anyway, while Mike was at work, I walked all over the city, or hopped the subway, everyday. I only had to pay for the subway like once, or twice, the whole time I was there! In different parts of town I started collecting drug baggies that I found on the ground. I got really into it and I even convinced Mike to start finding and saving them for me to, when he was out walking Phil's dog. There was a bunch of different decorations on them. It got so that when I was hanging out with Brad and Mike, I'd be paying more attention to looking down and searching the streets! I was addicted the drug baggies!!! One night, we ran into Iggy Pop eating dinner with his girlfriend at some outdoor cafe! But, I was still more interested in my baggies...

Well, I found baggies of all different patterns and colors. They were beautiful! They were really found everywhere, all over town, but there were more, it seemed, around Central Park.

I never did find the "gun print" baggie I heard about, or the one with the "kissing lips" on it that Mike told me about, and, soon, it was time to leave New York, but I'm still collecting them, and, hopefully, I'll find them one day. In Miami, that shouldn't be TOO hard!

"THERE'S A TRAIN TO WAYCROSS, GA EVERY NIGHT JUST AFTER MIDNIGHT..."



"BACK TO THE MAPS!"

MIDNIGHT TRAINS, BACK ROADS, AND THUNDERSTORMS IN FLORIDA...

I'M KIND OF OBSESSED WITH MAPS. IT'S BEEN THIS WAY SINCE I WAS A KID, WHEN I'D MAKE EXTENSIVE MAPS OF THE EMPTY LOTS AND HOLES IN FENCES, AND CANALS, AND BRIDGES OF MY NEIGHBORHOOD. RECENTLY, I WAS WALKING AROUND MY OLD 'HOOD, WHEN I INSTINCTIVELY CUT BETWEEN THESE TWO HOUSES TO GO THROUGH THIS HOLE-IN-A-FENCE WHEN MY OLD NEIGHBOR RAN OUT AND YELLED, "HEY! YOU! GET THE HELL OUT OF MY YARD!" I SAID, "HEY! ITS ME! REMEMBER? THE KID FROM

THE FIRST HOUSE ON THE BLOCK?"

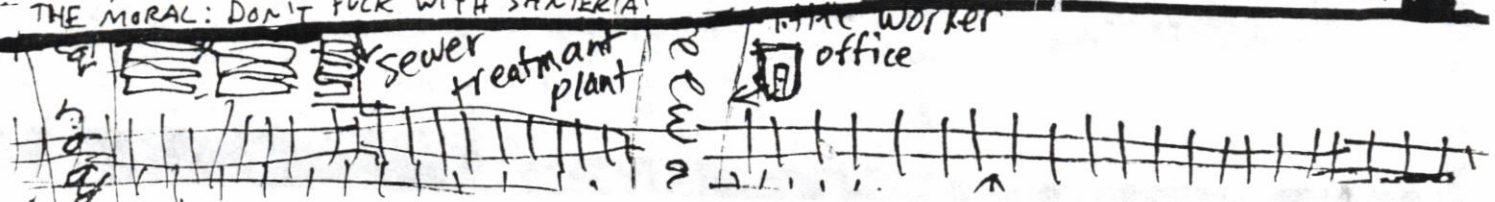
I COULD TELL BY THE LOOK IN HIS EYES THAT HE DIDN'T REMEMBER, AND I DISAPPEARED THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE FENCE AND RAN LIKE HELL BEFORE HE COULD CATCH ME.

MY FAVORITE BOOK, LAST YEAR, WAS MY TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP BOOK OF FLORIDA. I'D DRINK CUBAN COFFEE AND GET ALL WIRED, LOOKING AT THE LONELY GRIDS OF STREETS SET OUT THERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STATE, AND THE RIVERS AND RAILROADS RUNNING THROUGH THE SWAMPS AND ORANGE GROVES. I COULD TOTALLY PICTURE THE ROADS, LOW AND FLAT, AND DRIVING DOWN THEM, WATCHING THE USUAL AFTERNOON THUNDERSTORM BREWING UP, HALFWAY ACROSS THE STATE, AND SEEING THE LIGHTNING SPREAD OUT ON THAT HUGE CENTRAL FLORIDA SKY. I COULD ALMOST FEEL THE AIR PRESSURE DROP AND THE WIND SWIRLING AS THE RAIN CAME ON...

I'D STARE AT THE MAP AND PICK OUT SOME WEIRD-SOUNDING, LITTLE TOWN AND DECIDE THAT I'D DEFINATELY ROUTE MY NEXT HITCH HIKING TRIP THROUGH THERE, JUST TO SEE WHAT ITS LIKE. IF I HAD A CAR, I'D PROBABLY END UP LIKE SOME OF THOSE GUYS WHO PICK YOU UP SOMETIMES, HITCHIN', WHO ARE JUST DRINKING AND DRIVING AROUND THE BACKROADS, LISTENING TO THE RADIO, AND GETTING SORT-OF LOST. BUT, HEY, IF THAT HAPPENS, I PROMISE, I'LL ALWAYS GIVE YOU A RIDE, IF I SEE YOU HITCH HIKING, AND I'LL NEVER GROW A MUSTACHE!

SINCE I DON'T HAVE A CAR, THOUGH, I'VE MOSTLY RELIED ON HOPPING FREIGHT TRAINS TO DO MY SEARCHING AROUND UPSTATE. AFTER HAVING TAKEN TRAINS BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE COUNTRY SEVERAL TIMES, YOU'D THINK THAT FLORIDA'S MOSTLY NORTH OR SOUTH, ONLY, RAILROAD SYSTEMS WOULD SEEM PRETTY CUT-N-DRY TO ME. BUT THE TRAINS HERE, AT FIRST, NEVER MADE ANY SENSE. MANY WENT NORTH, BUT ALMOST NONE WENT SOUTH AND, UP IN LAKELAND, IN THE CENTER OF THE STATE, IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL, YOU CAN ACCIDENTLY CATCH A TRAIN "TO THE MINES" — THE HELLISH SULFATE MINES OF UNCHARTED, RUINED SOUTHERN POLK COUNTY! YIKES! MAYBE THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE FUCKS UP TRAINS, TOO. I DON'T KNOW BUT ONE TIME, I WENT TO SEE BRAD OFF AT THE F.E.C. YARD AND AT THE EXACT SPOT WHERE HE SAID THE NORTHBOUND TRAINS WOULD SLOW DOWN ENOUGH TO BE CAUGHT, THERE WAS A SANTERIA-SACRIFICED CHICKEN WITH ITS HEAD CUT OFF AND A HALF BURNT CANDLE! BRAD SAID, "FUCK THAT!" AND TOOK OFF FOR THE CSX YARD, A MILE AWAY. THERE, HE ALMOST GOT LOCKED IN AN EMPTY BOXCAR. FINALLY, HE HITCHED TO JACKSONVILLE.

THE MORAL: DON'T FUCK WITH SANTERIA!



* THE ORANGE JUICE TRAIN, THE TRUCKER'S CHAPEL, SQUATTING THE FSU LIBRARY!! "MAPS" CONT.

ONE TRAIN, IN PARTICULAR THAT I ALWAYS WONDERED ABOUT WAS THE FAMOUS "ORANGE JUICE TRAIN" THAT SUPPOSEDLY RAN FROM SOMEWHERE IN FLORIDA, ALL THE WAY TO NEW JERSEY! I'D HEARD TALK OF IT AND HAD EVEN FOUND IT MENTIONED IN THE HUGE PILE OF TRAIN MAPS AND INFO. I'VE ACQUIRED. IT SHOWS UP IN MY INFO. ON ROCKY MOUNT, NC: "A GOOD PLACE TO CATCH A FAST RIDE ON THE ORANGE JUICE TRAIN" AND THAT WAS IT. NO TRAIN WORKERS I TALKED TO KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT IT UNTIL ONE TIME, IN RICHMOND, VA, A WORKER TOLD ME HOW TO CATCH OUT SOUTH. AS HE WAS WALKING AWAY, I YELLED, "WHAT ABOUT THE ORANGE JUICE TRAIN?" THE TRAIN WORKER YELLED BACK, OVER HIS SHOULDER, "YEAH, HE COME THROUGH HE-YAH..." "AND WAS GONE BEHIND A ROW OF TRAINS."

WALKING BACK TOWARDS TOWN, ON THE TRACKS, I WAS EXCITED THAT SOMEBODY HAD FINALLY HEARD OF IT. THEN, BEHIND ME, A TRAIN WAS COMING AROUND THE CORNER AND I GOT OFF THE TRACKS TO WATCH IT GO BY. I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT: ONE CAR, AFTER ANOTHER — THE WHOLE TRAIN — WAS BRIGHT, ORANGE, FREIGHT CARS THAT SAID, "TROPICANA" ON THE SIDE! THERE IT WAS, TAKING ITS TIME, CHUGGING NORTH RIGHT PAST ME — THE GODDAMN OJ TRAIN!

I NEVER FOUND OUT HOW TO CATCH THE OJ TRAIN, BUT I DID FIGURE OUT THE HIALEAH YARD TO GET OUT OF MIAMI, REALEASY. EVERY NIGHT, EXCEPT SUNDAY, A NORTHBOUND TRAIN LEAVES THE YARD, HEADED ALL THE WAY TO WAYCROSS, GEORGIA! ITS NICE TO KNOW THAT MIDNIGHT TRAIN'S ALWAYS THERE FOR YOU. I DEVELOPED A PERFECT SYSTEM: ABOUT ONCE A MONTH, WHEN I GOT RESTLESS IN MIAMI, I'D TAKE OFF ON A 3, OR 4 DAY TRIP. I'D RIDE THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN UP TO THE YARD IN BALDWIN, FL, OUTSIDE JACKSONVILLE, HITCH HIKE TO SOME LITTLE TOWNS, AND TRY TO READ ALL THE BOOKS I BROUGHT AND DRINK PLENTY OF BEER AND COFFEE ALONG THE WAY. IT NEVER FAILED TO CLEAR MY HEAD.

I THINK MY FAVORITE LITTLE TRIP WAS THE ONE WHERE I ENDED UP IN TALLAHASSEE FOR THE FIRST TIME. I BROUGHT BEER UP TO THE YARD, AND WHEN MY TRAIN FINALLY GOT THE GREEN LIGHT AND TOOK THAT SUDDEN LURCH FORWARD, I CRACKED OPEN MY COLD BEERS, FELT THE BREEZE COMING IN, AND LOOKED OUT THE BOXCAR DOOR AT THE CLOSED STORES AND EMPTY STREETS GOING PAST AS I LEFT TOWN. I FELL ASLEEP, AS USUAL, WHEN THE TRAIN STARTED GOING REAL FAST THROUGH THE DARK IN WESTERN PALM BEACH COUNTY. WHEN I WOKE UP THE SUN WAS COMING UP OVER AN ORANGE GROVE. ROWS AND ROWS OF TREES IN THE FLATTEST PART OF THE WORLD!

I GOT TO BALDWIN THAT AFTERNOON, AND, AS USUAL, HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE

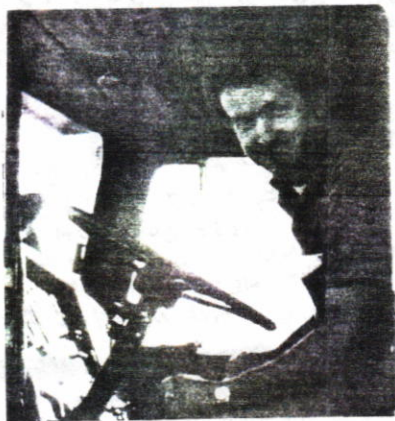
WAFFLE HOUSE, ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE TRAIN YARD. I'M MORE A REGULAR AT THIS WAFFLE HOUSE IN BALDWIN THAN I AM AT MOST PLACES IN MIAMI. ITS ALWAYS SO GOOD TO GET THAT FIRST CUP OF COFFEE AFTER 16 HOURS ON A TRAIN.

AT WAFFLE HOUSE, I DRANK CUP AFTER CUP, LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW AT TRAINS MOVING BACK AND FORTH IN THE YARD, WITH MY MAPS SPREAD OUT AROUND ME. THIS IS WHERE I DECIDED TO HITCH HIKE WEST, TO TALLAHASSEE, AND STAY THE NIGHT IN THE F.S.U. LIBRARY.

THE STAYING-THE-NIGHT-IN-THE-LIBRARY-THING IS PRETTY FUN AND I'VE DONE IT 4, OR 5 TIMES NOW. YOU JUST HIDE REAL GOOD WHEN THE LIBRARY'S CLOSING, WAIT AWHILE FOR EMPLOYEES AND CLEANING CREWS TO LEAVE, AND THEN COME OUT AND HAVE THE WHOLE DARK, QUIET LIBRARY TO YOURSELF! I DID GET CAUGHT BY THE CLEANING LADY AT TULANE IN NEW ORLEANS, ONCE, BUT SHE WAS SO PUZZLED THAT SHE JUST LET ME OUT. "YOU SURE LIKE TO STUDY!" SHE

THE TRUCKER'S CHAPEL OF BALDWIN, FL

ONE OF BALDWIN'S PROUD LANDMARKS IS ITS "TRUCKER'S CHAPEL", WHICH SITS ON THE LOT OF THE UNION 76 TRUCKSTOP. ITS A WHOLE FUNCTIONING CHURCH, COMPLETE WITH Pews AND ORGAN, INSIDE AN 18-WHEELER! YOU GOT TO ADMIT, CHRISTIANS SURE ARE DILLIGENT IF THE PUNKS WORKED THIS HARD, WE'D CONTROL THE WORLD! ANYWAYS, THEIR FREE PAMPHLET, "PUTTING THIS DREAM TOGETHER" RELATES THE INSPIRING STORY OF THE "HOLY ROLLER", REV. JOE HUNTER. HUNTER WAS LOST TO THE EVILS OF BOOZE AND LITTLE WHITE PILLS 'TIL ONE FATEFUL NIGHT IN 1971 ON A ROUTINE RUN TO GREENVILLE, S.C. HE LOST CONTROL OF HIS RIG AND ALMOST DIED! HE ACCEPTED CHRIST, SAVED HIS MARRIAGE, AND SOON BEGAN MINISTERING IN AMERICA'S TRUCKSTOPS! TODAY THE TRUCKER CHAPEL EMPIRE HAS 33 IN 14 STATES AND 4 RIGHT HERE IN FLORIDA! I'VE NEVER SEEN A SERVICE IN THE ONE IN BALDWIN, THOUGH, AND ON A 360 NIGHT, ONCE, I WENT TO SEEK WARMTH IN IT, ONLY TO FIND IT LOCKED!



"PUTTING THIS
DREAM TOGETHER"



"Ministering to America's Truckers"
John 14:27

MARVELED. BUT IN A COLLEGE LIBRARY, IT'S ALWAYS SEEMED PRETTY LOW-RISK.

I HITCHED WEST AND MADE IT TO OUR STATE CAPITOL IN GOOD TIME. SO THIS WAS TALLAHASSEE? WHAT A DRAG. MIAMI SHOULD SECEDE, I SWEAR. I GUESS I EXPECTED MORE CHARMING, OLD SOUTHERN HOUSES, AND LESS ENDLESS BOULEVARDS TO NOWHERE, LINED WITH STRIP MALLS AND FAST FOOD PLACES. I DID ADMIRE TALLAHASSEE'S TRULY DESPERATE, LITTLE GHETTO. NOW HERE WAS A PLACE WHERE A MAN COULD GET KILLED FOR NO REASON. I EVEN FOUND A CRACK BAGGIE WITH A "HERSHEY'S KISS" PRINT THAT I'VE KEPT TO THIS DAY! I FOUND A COUPLE CHICKEN HEADS ON THE TRACKS, TOO; PROBABLY LEFT BY HOMESICK COLLEGE KIDS FROM MIAMI. AFTER I GOT REFUSED AT THE BLOOD BANK, THOUGH, FOR LACK OF LOCAL I.D., I BAILED TO THE LIBRARY.

THE F.S.U. LIBRARY TOTALLY MADE UP FOR EVERYTHING. I FOUND ALL THESE BOOKS I'D BEEN LOOKING FOR, PLUS OTHERS ABOUT FLORIDA RUMRUNNING AND THE SECRET GRAFFITI UNDERGROUNDS OF DENVER. THEN I WENT TO WORK CHECKING OUT THE LAYOUT OF THE PLACE. I COULDN'T FIND ANY UNLOCKED CLOSETS OR FORGOTTEN STUDY ROOMS TO HIDE OUT IN, BUT THE STAIRS WENT UP ONE FLOOR PAST THE ACTUAL LIBRARY, WHERE THEY ENDED AT A LOCKED DOOR. I TOOK MY BOOKS UP TO THE TOP OF THE STAIRS AND WAITED THERE FOR THE LIBRARY TO CLOSE. IT SEEMED PRETTY UNLIKELY THAT ANYONE WOULD COME UP THERE FOR ANY REASON, AND I'D BE SAFELY IN ALL NIGHT.

WELL, NO ONE WENT UP THERE, BUT I GUESS I WAS SO TIRED FROM TRAVELLING THAT I FELL ASLEEP UP THERE. I SLEPT HARD AND WHEN I WOKE UP, THE FLOURESCENT LIGHTS WERE STILL ON AND I HAD NO IDEA WHAT TIME IT WAS. I CREEPT SLOWLY DOWN THE STAIRS, EXPECTING TO FIND THE LIBRARY ALL TO MYSELF, BUT IT WAS FULL OF STUDENTS. IT WAS THE NEXT MORNING! I'D SLEPT THROUGH THE WHOLE NIGHT AND MISSED ALL OF THE FUN OF HAVING THE WHOLE LIBRARY TO MYSELF!

SINCE I WAS JUST USING THE LIBRARY AS A HOME BASE AND AN INDOOR PLACE TO SLEEP, IT OCCURRED TO ME THAT I WAS, IN EFFECT, SQUATTING AN EXISTING, NON-ABANDONED BUILDING! THIS IS CLEARLY AN ADVANCEMENT OF SORTS. MY NEXT INNOVATION IN SQUATTING WILL INVOLVE TELLING PEOPLE "GOODBYE" AND PRETENDING TO LEAVE THEIR HOUSE, BUT, INSTEAD, HIDING UNDER THE SINK, WHERE I WILL SECRETLY LIVE AND EAT THEIR FOOD! MAYBE I'M ALREADY LIVING IN YOUR HOUSE. HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF THAT?!

AFTER I WAS DONE WITH MY RESEARCH, I VOLUNTARILY GAVE UP MY LIBRARY HOME TO GO HANG OUT AND GET DRUNK WITH THE BAND, LESTURDZ WHO LIVED IN T-HASSEE THEN. TWO DAYS AND COUNTLESS SHLITZ LATER, BRIAN TURD OFFERED TO DRIVE ME TO CHATTAHOOCIE, A SCARY, LITTLE TOWN, 30 MILES WEST OF TALLAHASSEE, WHERE TRAINS OLD CREW CHANGES BETWEEN NEW ORLEANS AND BALDWIN.

I STUDIED MY MAPS AND DECIDED ON A COUPLE OF OPTIONS: 1) I COULD TAKE A TRAIN WEST AND GO TO GULF BREEZE, FL TO TRY AND FIND THE UFO WATCHERS. ABOUT 20 YEARS AGO THERE WERE SEVERAL FAMOUS UFO SIGHTINGS THERE, AND I READ THAT TO THIS DAY, THE PARKS OF GULF BREEZE ARE FILLED, NIGHTLY, WITH FOLKS WITH BINOCULARS AND TELESCOPES, WHO ARE TRYING TO GET A GLIMPSE OF ONE. 2) I COULD RIDE THE TINY APPALACHICOLA NORTHERN RAILROAD, SOUTH TO THE GULF OF MEXICO. THE AN IS ONE OF THE LAST OF THE LITTLE, SHORT LINE, INDEPENDENT RAILROADS IN THE U.S. AND IT ONLY HAS ABOUT 30 MILES OF TRACK, DOWN FROM CHATTAHOOCIE, THROUGH THE APPALACHICOLA NATIONAL FOREST TO PORT ST. JOE. OR, 3) I COULD GO ALL THE WAY TO NEW ORLEANS. OR 4) I COULD GO HOME.

TRUCKER'S NEWS

PEOPLE ALWAYS ASK ME, "SO, IGGY, WHAT ZINES DO YOU READ?" AND I NEVER HESITATE TO TELL 'EM MUDFLAP, TALES OF BEARS!, AND, OF COURSE, THE TRUCKER'S NEWS! EVERY ISSUE FEATURES THE LATEST TRUCKER GEAR, TRUCKSTOP NEWS, AND TRUCKERS SPEAKING OUT ABOUT THEIR PROBLEMS WITH THE COMPANIES AND THE I.C.C. BUT THE BEST PART IS THE STORIES ABOUT TRUCKERS WITNESSING CAR WRECKS ON THE INTERSTATE, AND THEN PULLING OVER TO PULL CHILDREN OUT OF THE BURNING WRECKAGE! WHEN ASKED TO STICK AROUND TO ACCEPT A REWARD, THE TRUCKER ALWAYS POLITELY DECLINES, AND SAYS, "NAW... I GOT TO GET THIS LOAD TO YUMA BY TONIGHT..." "FACE IT, TRUCKERS ARE RAD!" LAST ISSUE HAD AN ARTICLE ON A TRUCKSTOP THAT HAD A CHRISTMAS "TOYS FOR TOTS" DRIVE. ALL THE TRUCKERS GOT ON THE CB RADIO AND TALKED IT UP AND THE TRUCKSTOP RAISED AN ALL-TIME HIGH IN CHRISTMASTOYS! THE TRUCKERS WERE HIGH-BALLIN' FOR THE KIDS!

AT CHATTAHOOCIE, ME AND BRIAN DECIDED TO DRINK SOME MORE SHLITZ WHILE WE WAITED FOR MY TRAIN. WE GOT A 6-PAK AND WALKED DOWN THE TRACKS, PAST THE CREW CHANGE SPOT. A LITTLE WAYS DOWN, WE FOUND AN ABANDONED HOUSE THAT WAS OPEN AND HAD A NICE SHADY PORCH. INSIDE, THERE WAS A LOT OF OLD CLOTHES, AND OUT FRONT WAS REMAINS OF A FIRE PIT, SO YOU COULD TELL IT WAS A 4-STAR HOTEL ON THE FLORIDA HOBO CIRCUIT. WE DRANK BEER ALL AFTERNOON, AND JUST WATCHED TRAINS GO BY. IT WAS JUST SUCH A RELAXED SPOT THAT WE DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE.

TRAINS CAME AND WENT AND I STILL HADN'T DECIDED WHAT I WANTED TO DO. SO WE GOT MORE BEER AND WALKED BACK TO OUR PORCH. WHAT CAN I SAY? WE LOVE OUR SHLITZ! BRIAN EVEN TOLD ME THAT ONE TIME, HE HAD WANTED TO MOVE AWAY FROM MOBILE, SO HE DECIDED TO MOVE TO MICHAUKEE, WHERE HE'D NEVER BEEN, AND KNEW NO ONE, JUST BECAUSE THAT'S WHERE SHLITZ COMES FROM! EVERY TIME WE FINISHED A SIX, THERE'D BE THIS LONG AWKWARD MOMENT WHERE WE WERE SUPPOSED TO SAY "GOODBYE," BUT, FINALLY, BRIAN WOULD GO, "UH... LET'S GET SOME MORE..."

SUDDENLY, IT WAS LATE AT NIGHT, AND WE WERE DRUNK AS HELL. BRIAN STUMBLING OFF TO DRIVE HOME AND I SAID, "WHAT THE HELL? I'LL RIDE THAT A.N. DOWN TO THE OCEAN!" A WORKER AT THE CREW SHACK TOLD ME THAT A.N.'S YARD WAS "ABOUT A MILE DOWN THE TRACKS" SO I STARTED STUMBLING THAT WAY, SLOWLY. IT WAS PITCH BLACK OUT THERE, AND I COULDN'T SEE ANYTHING. CHATTAHOOCIE'S SORT-OF... UH... "RURAL!" I COULDN'T SMELL TRASH FIRES AND HEAR HOWLING DOGS, BUT COULDN'T SEE THE DOGS. THEN I FELL AND TWISTED MY ANKLE REAL BAD AND LAID THERE ON THE TRACKS. THIS MUST BE HOW PEOPLE "FALL ASLEEP ON THE TRACKS" I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED ABOUT THAT, LIKE, WHO JUST LAYS DOWN TO GO TO SLEEP ON THE TRACKS?!?

FINALLY, I DECIDED, "FUCK A.N.!" AND WENT BACK TO THE CSX YARD, WHERE I SPRAY PAINTED MESSAGES ON TRAIN CARS FOR MY FRIENDS IN OTHER CITIES AND MY GIRLFRIEND BACK HOME. IN LESS THAN AN HOUR, THE EAST BOUND ROLLED IN, AND I WAS ON MY WAY BACK TO BALDWIN.

THAT MORNING, IN THE WAFFLE HOUSE, OVER COFFEE AND THE SUNDAY PAPER, I DECIDED TO GO THROUGH JACKSONVILLE, SOUTH TO ST. AUGUSTINE, WHERE I'D NEVER BEEN BEFORE. I PUT MY THUMB OUT AND MANAGED TO GET DOWN THERE PRETTY FAST, STEALING A QUART OF BEER IN DOWNTOWN JAX ON THE WAY. ST. AUGUSTINE IS KNOWN WIDELY AS "THE OLDEST CITY IN AMERICA" BECAUSE IT WAS FOUNDED BY SPAIN LONG BEFORE THE PILGRIMS, AND THOSE OTHER TRENDIES SHOWED UP ON THE SCENE, UP NORTH. THERE'S A HUGE, RAD OLD SPANISH CASTLE OVERLOOKING A BAY AND LOTS OF OTHER BUILDINGS THAT ARE "THE HISTORIC..." THIS, OR "THE OLDEST..." THAT. I WAS AFRAID IT MIGHT BE A LOUSY, FLORIDA TOURIST TRAP, BUT ACTUALLY I REALLY LIKED THE HUGE, OLD TREES AND NARROW STREETS. I STOLE MORE BEER FROM THE (HISTORIC) WINN-DIXIE GROCERY STORE AND WALKED AROUND IN A PLEASANT, LIGHT DRIZZLE.

GOING TO ST. AUGUSTINE REALLY TURNED OUT TO BE A GREAT IDEA. I DRANK MORE BEER AND HUNG OUT BY THE GLOOMY CASTLE IN THE FOG. I DUMPSTERED A PIZZA FOR DINNER AT THE (OLDEST) PIZZA HUT, AND FOUND THIS RAD, SEEDY MARINER AREA WITH PEOPLE LIVING ON OLD, FUNKY, WOOD BOATS IN A CHANNEL, AND PLENTY OF SCUMMY, SHRIMP DUDES WALKING AROUND IN RUBBER BOOTS. WHEN I WAS READY TO SLEEP, I FOUND THIS PRETTY AMAZING ABANDONED HOME ON THE MAIN DRAG! IT LOOKED PRETTY VACATED, SO I BROKE IN AND DOVE IN THE WINDOW TO FIND IT FULLY FURNISHED!

I SLEPT ON THE BED THERE, AND IN THE MORNING LIGHT, NOW SOBER, I SAW THAT NOT ONLY WAS IT FURNISHED, BUT THERE WAS OTHER STUFF IN IT, LIKE A BIKE WITH 2 FLATS, RECORDS, AND A WEIGHT SET! I GUESS I COULD HAVE FIXED THE BIKE AND STAYED THERE AWHILE. THE "FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH" A TOURIST SPOT, WAS DOWN THE STREET, SO THEORETICALLY, I COULD LIVE THERE FOREVER! BUT WHEN I HEARD VOICES OUTSIDE, I STARTED THINKING MAYBE MY PLACE WASN'T SO ABANDONED! WELL, I LIKED IT A LOT, BUT LIVING THERE FOREVER SURE WOULD SUCK, ANYWAYS.

I SNUCK OUT A BACK WINDOW AND WENT TO GET COFFEE, SOMEWHERE. IT WAS TIME TO TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT MY MAPS...

Below: As befitting Florida, the first citrus juice unit train exits Tampa's Yeoman Yard.



STASH LIKE ME or IGGY MADE ME GROW A MOUSTACHE AND WALK AROUND WITH IT STUCK ON MY FACE! or THE PUBLIC EMBARASSMENT OF CHUCK LOOSE

So, I moved to Ft. looderdale many moons ago because, like, as everybody knows, FT. LAUDERDALE IS PARTY TOWN U.S.A.! WHOO! HOOOOO! BOOOBS!! For those of youse who doubt it and insist that "yourtown, U.S.A." is **THE** place to party it down, I believe I need only reference the 1962 film "Where the boys are" and it's numerous offspring; just about every low budget film that came out in the early to mid eighties which bore the moniker "spring break" somewhere in it's title. 'Nuff said, jack. Anyhoo, besides being the (unfortu-

nately for this party animal, former) spring break capital of the world, and boasting the most tiki-styled bars per capita in entire damnned United States, Ft. Lauderdale bears another claim to fame! A LOT OF MUSTACHES!

Although I'm not sure how we rate "per capita" against a city where mustaches are REALLY king, like, lessee, San Francisco, fer example, Ft. Lauderdale's got a peck of 'em...the main difference betweenst the "Ft. Lauderdale Moustache" and

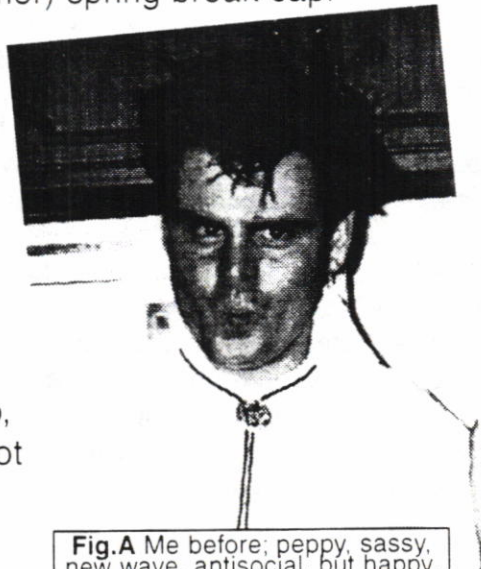


Fig.A Me before; peppy, sassy, new wave, antisocial, but happy.

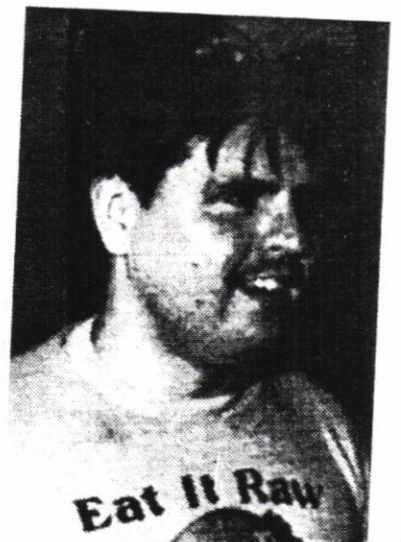


Fig.B Me after; Surly, Figity. Not afraid to use the word "muff" in normal conversation.

anywhere else though, is its connotation.. to have a "lip buddy" in Ft. Lauderdale means one of three things: 1. "I really like the guy from QUEEN who kicked it and am trying to carry on his memory. Bo Rhap Forever!" 2. "I'm underage and trying to fool the 7-11 clerk into selling me a six pack of red dog" or 3. "I am a Fort Lauderdale guy...I came here on spring break 20 years ago, and never left. I like Jimmy Buffet and can tell the difference between a Snook and a Marlin. I drink Miller High Life exclusively and can tell you the location of every clandestine after-hours cocaine bar in the Pompano area". Since I've already grown a moustache for reasons 1 and 2, Mr. Iggy Scam convinced me that it would be "a good thing" to grow a moustache and go undercover to infiltrate the world of #3: The Ft. Lauderdale Guy. It is never a "good thing" to grow a moustache, kids. Ask any cop. And anyhow, I really don't think that Ft. Lauderdale, or even its surrounding county of Broward has any more mustaches than does Iggy's HQ of Dade county...but then again, truth or factual accounting don't make for good 'zine writing...hum.."creative embellishment" does. Ho ho! So, all in the name of "A funny article for SCAM" I got on down to business...I had my roommates hide my razors from me with the agreement that they would not give them back until I resembled Tom Selleck or a reasonable facsimile thereof. To begin, I started growing the "Generation x-style goatee" thingee around my mouth, so I would at least be able to go to the punk rock show and not be mistaken for a narc. Once my face was heavy with the fruit of my hyperactive testosterone-producing glands, I trimmed and tapered until...wahla...the pride of all leathermen and cops...the lip worm! Ech! Ok, so now I got a moustache. I gets an "I eat it raw at the Half Shell Raw Bar" tshirt, I listened to "maragitaville" ten times in a row, and I even went on down to a construction sight to get the ambiance goin' and my mojo workin'. Wahoo! bring on the hot tubs and hawaiian shirts! I am Mister Fort Lauderdale! Hell yeah! Ok, so the first place I decided to go to show off my new facial disgrace was...where else, einstein? A1A-BEACHFRONT AVENUE! And home of the world famous parrothead lounge! For those of you not in "the know", The "world famous Parrothead Lounge" is "a little out of the way place" on "the world famous Ft. Lauderdale strip" (as the sign above the door reads) featuring "Ft. Lauderdale's most atomic 10 cent chicken wings". Egad! What could be more a home away from home for a "Ft. Lauderdale guy" like me? I Bellied my newly moustachio'd self up to the bar, sure that the bartender would immediately take a liking to the clever tshirt I had chosen to wear (see fig. B), the color of which really accented the auburn highlights in my new facial hair. Hot Dawg! I ordered a Hot Dawg! Sorry, I just put that in there 'cause it rhymed...actually I summoned the barkeep thusly "My good man!" I exclaimed "I will have one of your finest top shelf Strawberry Margaritas whilst you spin me tales of baiting crab traps and all-night booze fueled fishing jaunts at the Pompano Pier." Hmmm... I didn't expect this. Absolute silence...the barguy stared right through me...was it disbelief? disgust? was he jealous of my moustache? And then it hit me! The bottle thrown at my head from the other side of the bar! No. I'm just kidding. Actually what hit me was the realization that the barguy had a nose ring and was wearing a Jane's Addiction T-shirt. Land Sakes! This guy was 100% Gen-X! He weren't a "Parrothead at all!" What gives? Dejected, and actually pretty embarrassed that I had actually let Iggy talk me into growing this stupid thing, I sat in the corner of the bar, sucked down my weak and watery margarita and left post haste. "Where are the real parrotheads?" I asked myself as I walked down the beachfront...indeed! where was the "Moustache Nation" I'd heard so much about? With my Moustache-sense pushing me at 110%, I continued onward, searching for a fellow fur face. The only other people I saw bearing the 'stash were a couple of cops hangin' out at the Waffle House, and some short waffle-eyed woman who nearly bore down on me, astride her runaway 3-wheeled beach cruiser. Then...whatzit?!?...like an Oasis in the desert...like a candy cane to a hypoglycemic...like...like...um...like a bottle of any kind of alcoholic beverage to my roommates...there it was...yes! waaah! the "WORLD FAMOUS ELBO ROOM as featured in 'Where The Boys Are'". Surely this would be the Moustache homeland. A REAL Ft. Lauderdale Guy bar! As I sauntered in, I immediately noticed the "Moustache friendly" atmosphere. There was a "moustaches only" water fountain. Bathrooms labeled "Men", "Woman", and "Moustache"...yep...uh huh...well, actually, there was some crappy cover band hammering out a pretty rotten cover of "Smells like teen spirit" whilst a room fulla 20-something year olds danced in iridescent shirts. Yep, the whole moustache idea was pretty much a flop...and in the HEART of Ft. Lauderdale, no less. Sheesh. So I went home, dejected, to shave and listen to Motorhead. Fini.

"Ruining It For the Rest of us ..."

by GRETA S.

Have you ever said that phrase to any one? The first time I noticed someone saying that, it was gay scenesters saying it to gay punks. My roommate Tom used to complain about how he, though very gay with his pink triangle pins and public display of boyfriend, would get hissed at and sneered at in the Castro, because he was too punk. He told me, too, that there was a well-defined schism between the "straight-acting, straight-looking" people and the drag queens and queer punks, to where there would be opining in the written organs of the scene, and accusations back and forth. The straight-actings would use the above phrase, and the more flamboyant would reply "Sellout!" or "Go back to your closet!"

Tom's not my roommate anymore, he moved to L.A. and builds cool little machines out of outdated nuclear technology. In SF there evolved this sort of punk-oriented bike scene, people making bike actions and bike games and riding and drinking and carousing, and even doing political-type, anti-corporate environmental activities. As time has gone by, though, I noticed an increase in the usage of the above phrase. Once in the Mission, I was juggling a beer and tooling around at 22nd and Bryant when a sour-looking cyclist road up to me and said, "Get on the right side of the street! It's people like you who are RUINING IT FOR THE REST OF US!"



I think, now wait a minute, the oil companies are sponsoring political murders in Nigeria, and environmental terrorism and brainwashing all over the globe, and some goody two shoes cyclist thinks a drunk punk aimlessly trolling a near-empty intersection in the Mission is RUIN-ING IT? That little incident, repeated hundreds of times, signalled splintering and infighting amongst those who have the energy for that kind of thing, and the rest of us have just gone about our business. This phrase is a symptom, like hives or night sweats, of an insecure, defensive and self-abnegating mentality. Whenever it's used, it's used to put down people who have TOO MUCH IN COMMON. It specifies that

the RUINER is also one of US.

I'm sure you've noticed it in the punk scene. You may even have said it to someone. Someone said it to me, for graffiti. A punk telling another punk YOU'RE RUINING IT over graffiti? I have always considered graffiti to be one of the Articles of Confederation of punkdom. If we can't do graffiti, at least, are we really punks anymore? You know, there comes a time for many people when they DO want to quit being a punk. There's no shame in that, I guess. But you can't have it both ways. You can't quit being a punk, then go around in punk's clothing telling other people they're wrecking the scene. When punks have to attack their friends to protect their scene, then it's TOO LATE! The enemy is already within.
Fuck THE REST OF THEM!



SOME SCAM REVIEWS

THE DESCENDENTS SHOW 3/97: I USUALLY HATE REUNIONS, BUT THE DENTS HAVE BEEN A BAND, WITH A DIFFERENT SINGER, THAT'S BEEN TOURING NON-STOP FOR 10 YEARS... AND THEY MADE A NEW RECORD THAT IS WAY BETTER THAN MOST OF THEIR OLD ONES AND BLOWS AWAY MODERN FAKE-ASS POP LIKE THE QUEERS. BASICALLY THE DENTS ALL-OUT FURIOUS URGENT APPROACH TO THE ROCK HAS INSPIRED ME FOR YEARS, AND IF YOU CAN'T PLAY LIKE THAT, YOU MIGHT AS WELL QUIT PLAYING!

MIL0 PROVED HE WAS A BAD ASS BY GETTING IUY AND BUDDHA INTO THE SHOW FOR FREE! I COULDN'T FIND A WAY IN, BUT LISA FROM MORBID OPERA PAID MY WAY! I THINK THE BOY'S-STYLE OF THE SHOW HAD PUT HER IN AN EXALTED STATE. THANKS, AGAIN, USA!

SO, EVERYONE DANCED LIKE HELL ALL NIGHT. IT WAS VERY FUN, BUT ALSO WEIRD 'CZ I HAVEN'T BEEN TO A HUGE, 3000 PERSON, PUNK ROCK SPECTACLE LIKE THAT SINCE YE OLDE DAYS. YOU KNOW — COPS ATTACKING STRAGGLERS OUTSIDE, BOUNCERS ON THE ATTACK, YOU DANCE ALL NIGHT WITH A GIRL YOU WILL REMEMBER FOR YEARS AND WILL NEVER SEE AGAIN, UNDERLYING SKINHEAD MENACE, SOME KID PUKING BY YOUR CAR... THE WHOLE WORKS. THE GIRL WHO SHARED HER SHITZ AND KISSED ME AT THE LAST SHOW WAS THERE WITH HER BOYFRIEND... THE COPS WERE STOPPING PEOPLE FROM PASSING OUT FLYERS AND WE'RE RANDOMLY TAKING I.D.'S... IT WAS A HEAVY SCENE.

OHYEAH, THE SHOW WAS IN HALLANDALE, A TOWN THAT ACTUALLY HAS AN "ANTI-MOSHING" ORDINANCE ON THE BOOKS! NO SHIT! AS FAR AS I KNOW, THOUGH, THERE WERE NO ARRESTS FOR MOSHING AT THE SHOW...

I GOT IN JUST IN TIME FOR THE START OF THE SHOW. WHAT CAN I SAY? I WAS EXCITED. THEY PLAYED LIKE HELL FOR AN HOUR AND A HALF. EVERYONE I KNOW WAS THERE. THEY'D ALL COME BOBBING UP ON THE DANCE FLOOR FOR A SECOND AT A TIME. THE BOUNCER MAULLED SOME DUDE, SO I SPIT ON THE BOUNCER AND HELD MY MIDDLE FINGER UP AT HIM, YELLING "FUCK YOU!" HE MOTIONED LIKE "C'MON UP HERE AND SAY IT!" HE WAS AS BIG AS A CAR. NEEDLESS TO SAY, I MANAGED TO STAY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PIT ALL NIGHT, AND MADE SURE NO ONE PICKED ME UP AND CARRIED ME OVER TO HIM!

SUDDENLY IT WAS ALL OVER, AND WE ALL WENT OUTSIDE, SWEATY AND OVERJOYED, ONLY TO SEE A COP, MUSTACHE AND ALL, PUMMELING A CRYING, 15-YEAR OLD, RAVER GIRL. THE COPS PUSHED THE CROWD BACK, WE ALL YELLED INSULTS. I BEANED THE LADY COP IN THE HEAD WITH MY FLYERS, AND GOT THE HELL OUT OF THERE, BUT I HAD TO GO BACK FOR BUDDHA WHO SEEMED TOO DRUNK TO KNOW THAT HE SHOULDN'T JUST STAND THERE, YELLING IN THE COPS' FACE.

WITHIN MINUTES, THE CROWD WAS TOTALLY DISPERSED. CARS SCREECHED AWAY. I SAW THE BASS PLAYER, JUST STANDING AROUND, SO I WENT UP TO HIM. WE TALKED ABOUT WHAT A BAD ASS THE DRUMMER IS, FOR A MINUTE; THAT'S ALL.

THEN MY RIDE DROVE UP. THAT WAS IT. IT WAS TOTAL CHAOS! I COULDN'T SLEEP AND SPENT THE WHOLE NIGHT RIDING MY BIKE AROUND, DRINKING BEER, AND SINGING

"BIKEAGE" REAL LOUD...

I mean,
A SCAM REVIEW →

BELOW: THE EDITOR, MIKE O'BRIEN, AND BUDDHA (LEFT/RIGHT) SHOW OFF THE TIMELESS MIAMI PUNK LOOK. (Photo: Jason Morgan)



IN THE NEW WITH

THE GUY THE EAT WAS MIAMI'S FIRST REAL PUNK BAND STARTING WAY BACK IN 1978. THEIR SINGLES "COMMUNIST RADIO" AND "GOD PUNISHES THE EAT" ARE SOME OF THE BEST EVER RECORDED IN FLORIDA OR ANYWHERE. GUITARIST SINGERS/AND BROTHERS MIKE AND EDDIE O'BRIEN DRUMMER CHRIS GOTTIE AND SEVERAL FASISTS MADE FRANTICALLY PLAYED TIGHT AS HELL, 2-GUITAR ROCK WITH GREAT HARMONIES CLEVER LYRICS, AND A COOL SOUTH FLORIDA WORKING STIFF, DRUNK LOSER SPORTS FAN STYLE THAT THEY PASSED ON TO THE STU' GONS. NOW THAT PUNK IS SO POPULAR, IT SEEMS HARD TO BELIEVE THAT NOT TOO LONG AGO, IT DIDN'T EVEN EXIST. EVEN I CAN REMEMBER THAT IT'S SURVIVAL USED TO SEEM WEEK-TO-WEEK THAT YOU'D GO MONTHS WITHOUT SEEING A SHOW THAT RECORD STORES HAD MAYBE 5 PUNK RECORDS IN 'EM... ME AND BUDDHA INTERVIEWED THE SOMETIMES EAT AND CURRENT DRAG CARRS SINGER/GUITARIST MIKE O'BRIEN ABOUT PUNK THEN AND NOW, OUTSIDE OF THE PIZZA PLACE BY CHEERS, WHILE HUNTING FOR TABLE SCRAPS.

THE GUY

From

THE PIT

THE EAT VS. THE '70'S!

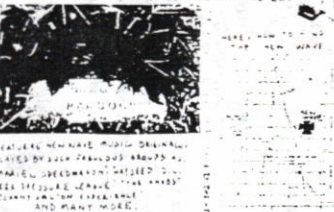
FRI JUNE 11
TWO FABULOUS GROUPS
THE EAT
AND
LUMPEN
FINDERS MILLANMIKE
AND AIA
IN THE ATLANTIC
THE EAT TURN OFF THE TV AND
GET UP OFF THE COUCH FOR YOU!



GOD PUNISHES
THE EAT



WEDNESDAY JULY 15
THE EAT
THE ALBUQUERQUE TRIANGLE ROCK FESTIVAL
NEW WAVE
WHERE THE FUTURE MEET THE PAST THE EAT



LAST CHANCE
TO SEE THE EAT BEFORE THEY UNDERGO PLASTIC
SURGERY TO MAKE THEM RESEMBLE THE GRATEFUL DEAD

THE EAT

And Possibly - **THE WEASELS**
PREMIER CLUB
715 S. 21 AVE 921-6371
FRI & SAT
JUNE 6 & 7
Trust Us!
NO POLITICS



IGGY: So you guys started playing in 1980?
MIKE: No, it was 1978. My brother had this basement---it was like the only one in Florida, up by the Broward/Dade line...
I: Why'd you guys start?
I: Why'd you guys start playing? Were you guys punk rockers?
M: No. There were no punk rockers. My brother and Cottie were in country cover bands. Back in 1972. They all met when Eddie and Cottie both answered the same ad in the music paper. It was with this guy who was a roadie for the Jefferson Airplane. He wrote rock operas, and thought he was real brilliant.
I: You mean, he did alot of drugs.
M: Yeah. He did codeine and wrote rock operas. I was only 15, so I was their little roadie. Their first gig was in the cripple ward at Jackson Memorial Hospital! They did BYRDS covers, Jefferson Airplane... a couple of the guy's little rock operas. This was in 1973.
I: uh... That's when we were born.
M: So they're playing and its all these cripples in bed---burn victims and shit. They played horrible. Horrible! But the doctor came up and told them that this was really the best kind of therapy for these people.
I: Would you say your audiences today are similarly crippled?
M: well... We've seen some pretty strange shit looking off that stage over the years... Anyways, they kept playing through the 70's as a cover band. Eventually, Cottie went on tour with David Alan Coe...
I: The cocaine snorting, fighting freak?
M: Yeah, he did coke with George Jones... Anyways, I took over on drums. We played THE WHO, CHEAP TRICK, ROXY MUSIC.... We were called The Fire Ants for awhile, but one day we were sittin' around practice talking, and I was saying "Well, We eat. It Eats. Everything eats. So, We became The Eat...
I: uh... that's pretty heavy, man. "Everything eats"... And what kind of drugs were you on?
M: Mostly just marijuana with a few other chemicals...
So Cottie got kicked off the David Alan Coe tour when he broke his foot, so he came back to Miami. Our guitarist quit, so I went to guitar, and Cottie joined up. That's when we decided to play originals. We wrote "Dr. TV", "Catholic Love"...

THE EAT "GO PUNK"!

I: Did you guys listen to punk?
M: Yeah, by then we listened to Ramones, New York Dolls.... It was a natural progression from the glitter shit. We made a conscious decision: "Let's go punk."
I: So you didn't have red hair, or a mohawk, or anything?
M: No. There was no punk. I was 21 years old when I just "went punk."
The whole punk scene was THE CICHILDS who were like power pop with a few covers. THE POLICE played in 1978. That was where alot of the people who became punks later met. Suddenly, it all just exploded in 1979, but it was dangerous, because people were real threatened by it. There was always people who came to shows just to fuck with you---rednecks, and shit.

THE EAT VS. DISCO AND THE SOUND GUY!

I: Wait, this is getting dull. Did you guys ever kill anybody, or what ???
M: Well, we did drop a cinder block on this guys head once while we were playing. He was a real asshole. He was very surprised, because most people don't expect musicians to drop cinder blocks on them.
I: Was he a nazi, or something?
M: We could have been the nazis... We were a mean ass group.
B: But weren't there more mean people around?
M: Yeah, everyone was pissed off cuz they thought we were trying to destroy music as they knew it... We'd get this sneering criticism in The Miami Herald. We got in the Herald for playing a "Punk meets Disco" party in the Grove somewhere. The disco people unplugged us in the first song, "Jimmy B. Goode", which we always opened with! So, the guy from Mouth of the Rat fanzine, David Parsons, took a picture off the wall and smashed it and the glass frame got all over and cut all these disco people. They were bleeding all over. The cops came but somehow we got away. It was like 5 punks, and 200 disco fuckers...
I: and the disco people were on cocaine...

M: You bet... So it was in the paper. They said we were ruining everything... Eventually, as we put out records and stuff, they went as far as "Well, this is OK, ya know, if you like this sort of thing..." Also, we had some trouble at our second show, up in Boca, at FAU.
I: FAU? That's where me and BB Boed are from! You could, like hit a baseball from our houses to FAU Campus...
M: Wow. Our 2nd show was there with THE CICHILDS in '79. We were OK. But when THE CICHILDS started playing, they were kicking the monitors and stuff, so the sound guy wanted to fight them. Sound guys always hated punk bands.
I: Yeah, I've almost been beat up by the sound guy a bunch of times. What's up with that shit?
B: Yeah, like the rednecks don't come to shows to fight you anymore, but there's still the fucking sound guy!

DOOR

MYSTERY LYRICS OF "COMMUNIST RADIO" REVEALED!

B: You guys sing about Miami alot...
 M: Well, its sort of a perverse thing, getting to be from here, so why not? "Money for the Police"-- that's a song about the River Cops (For out of towners: The cops in the 80's used to seize coke shipments so they could sell it themselves! Isn't that rad? That led to the famo. River Cop case)
 "Highleah"-- that's about the racetrack...
 I: But wait... What are the actual lyrics to "Communist Radio"? No one knows.
 M: Ya know, those are just bullshit lyrics. We were filming this video thing and the song didn't have lyrics, so I just made 'em up on the spot. I always expected to go back and change 'em but I never got around to it. I'm pretty sure its "I walked out on the Indian Ocean. I wore boots but they didn't show. I got caught up in the commotion. Communist Radio"...



BORINGTON JOURNAL #2 NOV 1980

"I MAY NOT AGREE WITH WHAT YOU SAY, SO IF YOU SAY IT AGAIN I'LL PICK YOUR FUCKIN' FACE IN--STUBBARTS"

GUNS AND DRUGS: THE EAT'S 1980 TOUR!

EAT ON TOUR



I: So you guys actually went on tour?
 M: Yeah in 1980. We did 2 shows in New York City, 2 shows in North Carolina, a couple in Florida, one in Atlanta... It was good. We brought guns and alot of speed.
 I: GUNS!! What For? Mad Miami style?
 M: Our manager was a gun collector nut. When we left on tour, he presented us all with our own gun. Things were going good on tour, but on the way back -- we'd been doing tons of speed all week-- we'd start arguing and then threatening each other with the guns. It was a bad id.
 I: What about The Eat Coke Mirror that Chris Cottie has?
 M: Our manager made that, too. He'd make us shirts, silkscreen stickers...
 I: make coke mirrors...
 M: Yeah, why not? It was fun. We just gave all the stuff away.
 I: How were the shows on tour?
 M: The New York City ones were weird. We played with some weird Scottish band in kilts, and a Bruce Springsteen cover band. The Carolina shows went great. We were the nasty punk band from Miami, and they didn't have punk there, so they loved us...
 M: Have you seen the video where we're playing at the old Open Book and Records? That was right after that tour.
 I: Its in the same plaza in Ft. Lauderdale where the tracks are, where the Mudhouse and Far Out Records were later (92-95).
 I: No shit! Is that the one that features shots of the young Paul Enema and the young Aesop Hickey moshing together in the crowd?
 M: No, that's a Jay Cowboys in Bondage show... (Ed. note: Hickey is really from Florida, though they are now ashamed of their roots and deny it...)
 I: Didn't you guys just give away your records, too?
 M: Well, we gave away alot of 'em. We first got our "I" on New Year's Eve '79/80. It was the "New Wave New Year" with THE CONTORTIONS at the Sunrise Musical Theater. 2000 people came! I threw a ton of records out into the crowd... they were getting stepped on, broken.
 I: and now its worth a ton of money...
 M: Yeah, I'm waiting for the price to go up so I can sell the ones I got left...
 I: What are the differences in shows between then and now?
 M: Well, the crowd sizes are about the same. The kids look the same... The only thing is now its OK to have long hair.
 I: well, I told this guy at The Pink Lincolns show to stop punching everybody and he yelled, "Fuck you, Longhair!" It was pretty old school, I thought. So me and Boad knocked him out by dropping a cinder block on his head, and then we took a bunch of pictures of him with along blonde wig on while he was passed out...
 M: Another difference is The Eat didn't stand around tuning, or wasting time. We'd play 23 songs for an hour and when you'd come offstage you'd be totally soaked and fucked up. With The Eat I'd always cut my right finger open, just playing so hard, and blood would splatter all over my guitar. For some reason, I never got cut when I played with MORBID OPERA, or now with THE DRUG CZARS... just The Eat. Also then, bands hated other bands. They all thought the were gonna be famous, so they'd try to step on you and keep you down.

PLUS: MO-DETTES, STRAIT JACKETS, Milk Me

THE EAT VS. "FATHER TIME"!

I: Where are the people now who came to your shows in 1980?
 M: Who knows? Alot came out of the woodwork for our last reunion... I'm glad I'm still doing it. I'll be doing it til I'm dead...
 I: Did you ever think you'd still be playing in 1997?
 M: No way. I thought in 1997, it'd be a police state, which it sort of is.
 I: That's cuz you live in Broward. Down here, you can just give the cops a few bucks and its good!
 M: I'm surprised that punk turned into this whole lifestyle thing... We were just working shitty jobs and trying to make it through the week. WE were like normal guys who played in the band...
 I: Are The Eat playing ever again?
 M: Yeah, Ivy says we have to play in June, so I guess we'll do whatever she says. Somehow The Eat won't die. We're still trying to kill it.
 I: How about "Kill The Eat! Night"? You could bring a knife and get in free...
 M: Well, the thing is, we could just die, anyways. You see Cottie; he's a walking heart attack... He could have died at our last show. Me, too. Waaa old...



PREMIER CLUB

715 S. 21 ave
 Hollywood
 FBI. & SAT, MAY 9 & 10

PEACE
 LOVE

THIS IS NOT, NOR IS IT INTENDED TO REPRESENT, A SOLICITATION TO PERFORM SEX FOR COMPENSATION.

NEVERENDING... IN PUNY COUNTRIES SE H... SPANOL



JUST ABOUT THEN IS WHERE WE CALLED IT QUITS SO WE COULD GO WATCH THE NEW BOMB TURKS' SET. THE OLD EAT 7" IS ARE STILL INCREDIBLY RARE, BUT LOOK FOR THE COMPLETE WORKS OF THE EAT ON ONE CD, SOON, FROM LOCALS STARCRUNCH RECORDS. MEANWHILE, CHECK OUT MIKE'S GREAT NEW BAND WITH THE EAT'S CHRIS COTTIE, BUDDHA, AND A TRUE BAD ASS OF COCAL ROCK ROACH MOTEL AND MORBID OPERA'S JEFF HODAP ON LEAD GUITAR THEY'RE CALLED THE DRUG CZARS AND HAVE A 7" ON STARCRUNCH...



THE 5 MINUTES THAT CHANGED PUNK?

EXCLUSIVE INSIDE ACCOUNT OF RICHMOND, VA'S FIRST
"REALLY SHORT SHOW" BY TIGGY SAM

WHEN I WAS 11 YEARS OLD, RONALD REAGAN SAID "THIS IS THE GENERATION THAT MAY FACE ARMAGEDDON," AND "THE DAY AFTER," THE MOVIE ABOUT THE AFTERMATH OF A NUCLEAR WAR BETWEEN THE U.S. AND THE FORMER U.S.S.R. SHOWED ON TV. MAYBE THIS IS WHY I CAN'T

WRITE A SONG THAT'S LONGER THAN 90 SECONDS, OR SIT THROUGH TODAY'S 5 BAND, 6 HOUR SHOWS WHERE BANDS PLAY 45 MINUTE SETS. FUCK! SAM AND I DECIDED SHOWS ARE GETTING WAY TOO LONG, SO WE INVENTED "THE REALY SHORT SHOW." THE IDEA WAS TO GET A BUNCH OF BANDS TO JUST PLAY ONE SONG, BUT THEN WE REALIZED SOME WISE-ASSES WOULD PROBABLY PLAY A 10-MINUTE SONG. SO THE RULES WERE THAT EVERY BAND PLAYS EXACTLY ONE MINUTE, OR LESS, AND IF A MINUTE COMES UP AND THEY DON'T STOP PLAYING, WE KICK THEIR ASSES! NO EXCEPTIONS! ON A COUPLE DAYS NOTICE, WE GOT THIS BAR TO LET US DO THE SHOW, GOT A HANDFUL OF BANDS TO AGREE TO PLAY, AND GOT FIVEERS OUT. THE REST IS HISTORY. ABOUT 100 PEOPLE SHOWED UP TO SEE THE FIRST "REALLY SHORT SHOW" BUT LIKE WOODSTOCK, THAT FIGURE WOULD BALLOON IN THE WEEKS FOLLOWING THE SHOW TO OVER 100,000 PEOPLE WHO CLAIMED TO HAVE BEEN THERE FOR "THE 5-MINUTES THAT CHANGED PUNK FOREVER..."

FIRST, SAM EXPLAINED THE RULES TO THE BANDS AND CROWD, AND THEN, JUST PAST MIDNIGHT, THE SURFROCK-INSTRUMENTAL TRIO, THE FRESH-OMATICS STARTED OFF THE SHOW. THEY PLAYED AS TIGHT AND ENERGETIC A SURETUNE AS YOU COULD EXPECT FROM THREE KIDS WHO'D NEVER SEEN A WAVE. BUT TROUBLE BREWED WHEN THEY DELIBERATELY IGNORED THE SIGNAL TO QUIT AT THE ONE-MINUTE MARK! THE CROWD LOOKED ANGRY AND CONFUSED, SENSING THAT THEY WERE BEING BETRAYED. BUT, I LEPT UP AND PULLED THE GUITARIST TOWARDS THE EDGE OF THE STAGE, AND HE QUIT PLAYING AND THEN THE DRUMMER SAW THAT I MEANT BUSINESS AND SPLIT! YOU CAN'T FUCK WITH THE "REALLY SHORT SHOW" LIKE THAT AND GET AWAY WITH IT!

FOR SOME REASON, PROBABLY BECAUSE THERE WAS ONLY 4 "REAL" BANDS, I WAS SUPPOSED TO PLAY A SONG NEXT. SO I ELECTED TO DO A NUMBER CALLED "SOMEBODY BUY ME A BEER", WHERE I JAMMED THE MICROPHONE IN MY MOUTH AND GURGED AND HOWLED WHILE I PLAYED DRUMS BUT THE MIKE KEPT FALLING OUT OF MY MOUTH, AND MY TIME WAS RUNNING OUT, SO I FINALLY JUST DROVE OFF THE BASS DRUM INTO THE CROWD. IT WAS PRETTY WEIRD, I GUESS, BUT A LOT OF PEOPLE DUG IT, WHICH MADE ME WISH I HAD SHIRTS AND CD'S TO SELL, CUZ EVERYONE KNOWS THAT "MERCH" IS HOW YOU MAKE IT ON TOUR.

NEXT UP WAS THE (YOUNG) PIONEERS WHO PLAYED A REAL GOOD SONG THAT WAS ABOUT 45 SECONDS LONG. THEY WERE FOLLOWED IMMEDIATELY BY ACTION PATROL. A.P. APPARENTLY TOOK THE "REALLY SHORT SHOW" VERY SERIOUSLY AS EVIDENCED BY THE FACT THAT THE BAND MEMBERS ALL WORE PLASTIC BAGS OVER THEIR HEADS, THUS CUTTING OFF THEIR OXYGEN AND NOT GIVING THEM MUCH MORE THAN A MINUTE TO LIVE! THE SINGER, A LARGE, HEAVY KID WITH GLASSES INHALED HELIUM TO MAKE HIS VOICE REAL HIGH AND THEN JUMPED AROUND LIKE A MANIAC THROUGH THE WHOLE SONG. THE MUSIC WAS FAST AND SLOPPY AND THE MINUTE ENDED WITH THE ASYPHIXIATING GUITARIST AND THE BIG VIRGINIAN ON THE FLOOR IN THE PIT! YO! THE COMBINATION OF THE (YOUNG) PIONEERS TIGHT, DANCY, MINUTEMEN-ISH RUMBLE AND ACTION PATROL'S SPASTIC, CHOKING SPRAWL MADE FOR THE BEST 2 MINUTES OF PUNK I'VE SEEN IN YEARS! THIS WAS "THE REALY SHORT SHOW" AT ITS FINEST...

MEN'S RECOVERY PROJECT BROUGHT THE EVENING TO A CLOSE AT ABOUT 12:08. THEY SPENT NEARLY THEIR WHOLE MINUTE SETTING UP AN ELABORATE SLIDE SHOW AND PUTTING ON RAINCOATS, ONLY TO SUDDENLY BREAK INTO A FURIOUS, GUITAR DRIVEN, 5-SECOND ATTACK. AND THAT WAS IT. THE STUNNED CROWD FLED OUT OF THE BAR, SPENT AND SPEECHLESS FROM RELEASED TENSION.

THE FUTURE OF PUNK "THE REALY SHORT SHOW" HAS ARRIVED! AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, IF A BAND CAN'T ROCK FOR ONE MINUTE, WHO WANTS TO HEAR THEIR LAME, FAKE-ASS SHIT FOR A HALF HOUR?!

DAMAGED IN DOWNTOWN!

AT 4:00 PM
MONDAY FEBRUARY 5TH

IGGY AND BUDDHA WILL BE PLAYING BLACK FLAG'S "DAMAGED" LP ON A FREE RADIO, DOWNTOWN. WE

WILL BE PUSHING THE RADIO ALONG A SHOPPING CART FROM THE OLD

PARADE GROUND! - FREE DRINKS!

FOR THE USE OF FINGER, UP

MIAMI AVENUE TO MICKEY'S THEN RIGHT

BACK TO MIAMI AVENUE TO GET DRINK IN SURENUT PARK.

DA CENTRAL BUILDING

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FIGHT BACK WITH FECEES!!!

TRUE LIFE STORY OF A CRUDE AND SHOCKING ATTACK...

OK, I'LL ADMIT THAT ITS POSSIBLE THAT THE COLONUT GROVE ARTS FESTIVAL STARTED OUT SORT-OF RAD, LIKE A LOT OF 60'S HIPPIE NEIGHBORHOOD STUFF IN THIS COUNTRY, BUT THESE DAYS ITS CLEARLY NOTHING MORE THAN A DRUNKEN, YUPPIE MESS. AN EXPENSIVE BLOCK PARTY WITH PEOPLE SELLING A LOT OF FAKE-ASS CRAFTS AND KNUCK-KNACKS AND JEWELRY AND PAINTINGS OF SUNSETS - BASICALLY, ITS PRETTY FUN TO FUCK WITH.

SO, I WAS WONDERING HOW A YOUNG ARTIST LIKE ME COULD, YA KNOW, GET MY "BIG BREAK" AND SHOW MY STUFF AT THE FESTIVAL. FINALLY, I DECIDED I'D JUST HAVE TO TAKE IT OUT THERE AND TAKE A CHANCE AND SHOW IT.

I WENT IN A PORT-O-LET AND TOOK A SHIT ON A PAPER PLATE, AND THEN TOOK IT IN A BAG TO THE MAIN DRAG OF THE FESTIVAL, WHERE I DISCREETLY UNVEILED IT WITH A SIGN THAT SAID "LOCALLY PRODUCED ORGANIC ART" AND A PRICE TAG.

"\$4,000." AND LEFT IT OUT THERE WITH ALL THE OTHER OVERPRICED SHIT. I WAS NERVOUS 'CUZ IT WAS MY FIRST SHOWING AND ALL, BUT IT WENT PRETTY WELL. I TOOK OFF, AND I MY STOOD BY IT FOR AWHILE, YELLING "OH GROSS! LOOK AT THAT! SOMEONE SHIT ON A PLATE!" TO MAKE SURE PEOPLE SAW IT. SHE'S SO SWEET THAT WAY, ALWAYS SO SUPPORTIVE OF MY ART...

AT THAT! SOMEONE SHIT ON A PLATE! "OH GROSS! LOOK AT THAT! SOMEONE SHIT ON A PLATE!" TO MAKE SURE PEOPLE SAW IT. SHE'S SO SWEET THAT WAY, ALWAYS SO SUPPORTIVE OF MY ART...

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(FIG. 2A) PICTURED ABOVE: QUANNAH, DRUMMER FOR CHATTANOOGA, TN'S THE SPAWN SACS PROUDLY MODELS HIS NEW TATTOO OF A BIG TUBD STEAMING IN THE SUN, WITH BEAUTIFUL BISCAYNE BAY BEHIND HIM...

A MAN HELPED a store security guard apprehend two people who were shoplifting at Walgreens at 2975 SW 32nd Ave. early Tuesday. As the man left the store, he heard the thieves tell him, "You're a dead man." The man went home and at about noon that day as he walked along Day Avenue and Mary Street, the suspects and three accomplices approached. One hit him on the right side of the face with a broomstick, and the other robbers started to punch and kick him. The robbers then took his \$20 wallet, which contained \$760 and identification, and fled. The victim was taken to the hospital.

PAINT IT ... LAVENDER

Earth tones apparently aren't good enough for Victoria Park. Just over a week ago, a mystery painter coated the fancy natural-tone columns that mark the entrance to the east Fort Lauderdale neighborhood with a more attractive lavender hue.

The painters weren't vandals. They were careful and professional, ensuring gold letters on the column weren't scathed by their purple passion.

Fort Lauderdale officials — while not especially upset by the paint job — undid the work in time for a ceremony to dedicate the concrete hulks.

"I'm sure I'll hear all about how much people liked the purple," City Engineer Hector Castro told the *Herald*.

← **DON'T FUCK WITH THE SCAM!**

FAKE ASS MAINSTREAM SHIT IMITATES LIFE

OK, SEEING RANCHO FILM A VIDEO AT THE TRAIN YARD IN WEST OAKLAND, WHILE I WAS THERE TO HOP A TRAIN WAS BAD ENOUGH. HAVING MTV'S REAL WORLD SHOW UP TO BOTH MY BAND AND IUY'S BAND'S SHOWS LAST YEAR WAS WORSE, BUT, NOW, IN A NEW U2 VIDEO FILMED IN MIAMI, THEY SPEND LIKE 1/2 THE VIDEO STANDING IN FRONT OF THE MURAL ON 8TH STREET THAT WAS ON THE COVER OF SCAM #2. SHEESH! WHAT'S NEXT? FUCKING ALAN'S MORRIS HIT, DUMPSTER DIVING WITH PUNCH?

IUY AND I, DISGUSTED ON OUR DAILY WALK THROUGH THE GROVE AT SEEING YET ANOTHER UNBELIEVABLY UGGY PINK AND BLUE YUPPIE CONDO IN THE LOT WHERE A NICE, OLD HOUSE AND TREES USED TO BE, CAME UP WITH WHAT WE THOUGHT WAS A PRETTY FUNNY IDEA TO FIGHT IT. INSTEAD OF VANDALIZING IT, PER SE, YOU COULD JUST GET A BUNCH OF CONCERNED CITIZENS TO GO IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT AND REPAINT IT A LESS OFFENSIVE COLOR! YOU KNOW, LIKE A LIGHT GREEN... THIS IS OBVIOUSLY RIDICULOUS AND IMPRACTICAL, BUT, FOR THE "VANDALISM ART SHOW" I DECIDED TO GO PAINT BIG, BLUE POLKA DOTS ON A PASTEL YELLOW CONDOS OUTER WALL. OK, SURE, THIS IS SORT-OF FASCISM, BUT NO MORE THAN REAL ESTATE FASCISM THAT NEVER ASKED THE PEOPLE WHO ACTUALLY LIVE HERE HOW WE WANT OUR NEIGHBORHOOD TO LOOK! SO, USING A STENCIL, I PUT UP THE DOTS AND IT LOOKED SO COOL! I EVEN THOUGHT THAT THEY'D AGREE WITH ME AND LEAVE IT UP. MAYBE POLKA-DOTTED BUILDINGS WOULD BECOME A GROVE CRAZE AND I'D BE PAID TO DO MY ART ON SEVERAL BUILDINGS! BUT AT 9:00 AM, I RODE BY TO GET THE PICTURE, AND THEY WERE ALREADY COVERING IT! THE WORLD WILL NEVER KNOW... BUT THEN I SAW THIS RAD CLIPPING OF SOMEONE IN A FT. LAUDERDALE, GAY NEIGHBORHOOD WITH THE SAME IDEA!

WILL THE CITY OF MIAMI SURVIVE? THAT'S THE BURNING QUESTION IN TOWN THESE DAYS (THE ANSWER IS USUALLY "WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY SURVIVE?"). BY NOW READERS IN OTHER TOWNS HAVE UNDOUBTEDLY HEARD ABOUT THE CITY MANAGER RESIGNING, AS THEY SAY, IN DISGRACE AND IT TURNING OUT THAT HE NOT ONLY TOOK BRIBES, BUT HAD THE CITY'S \$682 DEBT. NOW, WE'RE SUPPOSEDLY GOING TO GO BANKRUPT ANY DAY. OUR SUDDEN BANKRUPT STATUS IS A SHOCK TO ANYONE WHO HAS EVER BEEN STUCK WITHOUT TOILET PAPER IN THE LIBRARY TOILET. BUT I BELIEVE "THE MAGIC CITY" WILL SURVIVE. THE OTHER DAY, I GOT STUCK WITHOUT T.P. IN THE LIBRARY CRAPPER, AND WAS AT A LOSS, 'TIL A FRIENDLY FELLOW - MIAMIAN'S HAND APPEARED UNDER THE STALL WITH A ROLL OF TOILET PAPER! THAT'S THE SPIRIT, MIAMI! WE CAN DO IT! NEXT YOU'LL SEE OVERTOWN RESIDENTS OFFERING TO TEAR DOWN THEIR OWN HOMES TO MAKE WAY FOR THE MAYOR'S NEW BASKETBALL ARENA!

JUST BEFORE X-MAS '95, 2 APARTMENT COMPLEXES IN E. LITTLE HAVANA

BRICKELL VILLAGE

Publix

WHERE EDUCATION IS A TREASURE
OPENING MAY '96

DEVELOPER: CORAL WAY VENTURE, L.P.

BY THE WAY, TO RAISE CASH, LET'S CHARGE THE SUBURBS PROTECTION MONEY! CORAL GABLES PAYS UP, OR WE SEND THE FIVE-THREE KILLAS TO PARTY ON THE MIRACLE MILE! THIS COULD WORK ON BROWARD COUNTY TO THE NORTH, AS WELL. BROWARD, WHERE ALL THE OLD BURT REYNOLDS-STYLE CRACKERS MOVED WHEN THE CUBANS TOOK OVER, IS NO MATCH FOR OUR SUPERIOR GUNPOWER! LET'S PLANT THE CUBAN FLAG IN DOWNTOWN FT. LAUDERDALE AND MAKE PATOIS THE OFFICIAL LANGUAGE!

PUBLIX SUPERMARKET... ONE BLOCK FROM AN EXISTING HYDE PARK SUPERMARKET! E. LITTLE HAVANA IS SUDDENLY... "BRICKELL VILLAGE!"

CLANDESTINE RADIO WARS - HAS A GOOD CHAPTER ON AN EARLY 80'S, MIAMI PIRATE RADIO HERO, THE MYSTERIOUS "COMMANDER DAVID." HE CLAIMED TO BE BROADCASTING HIS ANTI-CASTRO PROPAGANDA FROM A REMOTE PART OF THE CUBAN MOUNTAINS, BUT THE F.C.C. DECIDED IT WAS MORE LIKE A REMOTE PART OF A MIAMI SUBURB, AND THEY SHUT THE COMMANDER DOWN. THEY MOVED TO PROSECUTE HIM, BUT, AT THE LAST MINUTE, THE STATE ATTORNEY WAS FLOWN TO D.C. TO CHECK OUT OL' DAVE'S CIA FILE. SUDDENLY, A COMPROMISE WAS REACHED. COMMANDER DAVID WOULD GO FREE, AS LONG AS HE PROMISED NOT TO BROADCAST AGAIN FROM HIS RESIDENCE! IN A FEW WEEKS, HE WAS BACK ON THE AIR, APPARENTLY DOING HIS SHOW AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE.

AFTER THE F.C.C. BACKED DOWN, THE LOCAL AIRWAVES WERE FLOODED WITH ANTI-CASTRO STATIONS, ALL SPENDING AS MUCH TIME DENOUNCING EACH OTHER, AS THEY DID FIDEL, IN TRUE MIAMI EXILE STYLE. ALPHA 66 EVEN STARTED THEIR OWN STATION. BUT MOST OF THEM GAVE UP WHEN THE VOICE OF AMERICA STARTED BEAMING RADIO MARTI TO CUBA. THE IRONY OF CALLING THE PRO-AMERICA STATION "MARTI" SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN LOST ON ANTI-CASTRO FORCES, WHO APPARENTLY HAVE FORGOTTEN HOW MUCH JOSE MARTI HATED AMERICA.

"AMERICAN SURVIVAL GUIDE - THE MAGAZINE OF SELF-RELIANCE" (MAGAZINE): OK, IF THERE'S ONE THING I'M SICK OF, IT'S THE FUCKING "END OF THE WORLD." NOT A DAY GOES BY WHEN SOME JERK DOESN'T COME UP TO ME AND TELL ME THAT THE WORLD'S GOING TO END, BECAUSE, LIKE, THE CONTINENTS USED TO BE ALL STUCK TOGETHER, AND SOON THEY'RE GOING TO CRASH BACK INTO EACH OTHER, OR BECAUSE A UFO TRAILING THE HALE-BOPP COMET RELEASED SOME SPORE THAT'S GOING TO MAKE IT SO FOOD CAN'T GROW, OR SOME STUPID SHIT LIKE THAT. I DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT! THAT BEING SAID, I STILL MAKE SURE I NEVER MISS AN ISSUE OF THIS EXCELLENT

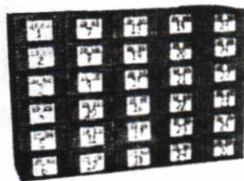
MAG. THERE'S PLENTY OF ARTICLES ON THE COMING NEW WORLD ORDER, PAGE AFTER PAGE OF ADS TRYING TO TAP INTO THE CONSIDERABLE PURCHASING POWER OF THE PARANOID AND HOPELESS, AND A GENERAL VIEW OF THE "END OF THE WORLD" AS ONE BIG CAMPING TRIP - THE ULTIMATE OFFROADING EXPERIENCE. THE ADS ALONE ARE WORTH GETTING IT FOR, LIKE THE FULL PAGE AD FOR A GENERATOR THAT HAS THE SMILING, BLONDE SURVIVAL BABE LEANING ON IT! Yo! AFTER THE WAR, IT'S GOING TO BE ALL GIRLS AND GENERATORS! WHITE GIRLS!

YOU CAN ORDER A YEAR'S SUPPLY OF GOURMET DEHYDRATED FOOD, GAS MASKS, "CITIZEN PROTECTION BODY ARMOUR," AND

Gourmet Survivor-Pak™

The Best of Both Our Dehydrated and Freeze-Dried 'No-Cook' Meals.

In today's uncertain world, it only make sense to have a food reserve - just-in-case. Finally, a year's supply food unit that will delight any meal maker! Our "Gourmet Survivor-Pak" includes a generous amount of Alpine Aire® 'no-cook' & Freeze-Dried foods! In fact, you get 270 entree servings to feast on! Just add water and eat. This unit provides approx. 2400 calories per day for one person for a full year, or 4 people for 3 months. We've also included over \$250 worth of REAL Freeze-Dried Meals including Beef, Chicken, Turkey, and Pork Chops! In addition, it includes a wide variety of our premium quality low-moisture foods - you get the best of both! Excellent for emergency backup. We guarantee you'll love it! A total of 164 #10 cans in all and comes packed in 28 easy-to-store cartons. Save up to \$800 off suggested retail. Last chance, order yours now! Wt 650 lbs. Allow 3-6 weeks for delivery. Ask about our FREE \$350 value Bonus-Pak too. #1400



Up to a 15 yr. Shelf-Life!

One Year Supply for One Person

Delicious Gourmet Meals for LESS than \$1.85 each! Save to \$800!

1989⁹⁵

(shipped freight collect)

America's #1 Survival Food Specialist for Over 10 Years! Always the best prices & value. Other units & a la carte foods available.

BOOKS ON HOME-MADE WEAPONS. THE BEST PART, THOUGH, IS THE "SURVIVALIST DIRECTORY," OSTENSIBLY AN ISSUE-ENDING, STATE BY STATE LIST OF SURVIVALISTS SEEKING LIKE-MINDED SURVIVALISTS (HOW MANY SURVIVALISTS MAKE A "MILITIA" ANYWAYS?) THAT OFTEN DEGENERATES INTO HILARIOUS SURVIVALIST PERSONAL ADS: "SWM 21, PATRIOT, PLANNING TO RELOCATE TO TEXAS, I'M PRO GUN, PRO FAMILY, ANTI- NWO, LOOKING FOR FEMALE PARTNER WITH PATRIOT/CHRISTIAN BELIEFS..." OR "SWF, 40's, WITH RUSTIC PROPERTY SEEKS SINCERE PARTNER FOR THE HARD TIMES AHEAD..." ARE THERE ANY REAL MEN LEFT IN MICHIGAN...?

GET IN THE VAN by HENRY ROLLINS: THERE SEEMS TO BE A GROWING OBSESSION WITH "THE OLD DAYS" OF PUNK LATELY, AS EVIDENCED BY THE PILE OF BOOKS ABOUT IT, COMING OUT NOW, AND, EVEN WORSE, THE SURGE IN RECORD COVERS PICTURING THE BAND WEARING LEATHER JACKETS AND STANDING IN FRONT OF A BRICK WALL. WHAT'S UP WITH SHIT?!? THAT RAMONES RECORD COVER LIKE THE MT. RUSHMORE OF PUNK - IT'S TIME TO BLOW IT UP! GET IN THE VAN HELPS BY NOT GLORIFYING THE PAST, NOSTALGICALLY, BUT, INSTEAD TAKING A DAY-BY-DAY, DIARY ENTRY LOOK AT THE REAL, LIVE PEOPLE WHO WENT OUT ON A LIMB TO RISK EVERYTHING, TO, BASICALLY, HELP INVENT PUNK ROCK AS WE NOW KNOW IT. HENRY'S WRITING IS OFTEN PRETTY HILARIOUSLY RIDICULOUS ("I FEEL COLD AND ALONE, USED UP LIKE AN OLD BOTTLE. I HATE YOU. I LOVE YOU. E.T. SHITERA...") BUT THE BOOK'S ATTITUDE IS SO INSPIRING THAT IT SHOWS WHY THE BLACK FLAG BARS ARE ~~THE~~ PROBABLY THE ALL-TIME MOST TATTOOED BAND LOGO IN PUNK HISTORY...

Wilton Manors

SO, ROBBIE WANTS ME TO DO A COMIC ABOUT

But hes no longer doing his fanzine so I decided to give this to 1994.

by SCOTT CRACKROCK

~~EVEN THOUGH HE LIVED HERE ONLY A COUPLE OF MONTHS, LETS SEE....~~

THERES THE **SHOP FAST**, A CHEAP MALT LIQUOR OUTLET, TYPICALLY FOUND THROUGHOUT THESE SORT OF LOW-INCOME AREAS.



THE GUY THERE IS FUNNY. HE USUALLY EXPECTS A "TIP."

THEN THERES THE **USA MART** WHERE JASON SAYS THE GUY THERE WAS MORE THAN WILLING TO OVERLOOK HIS LACK OF AGE VERIFICATION.



THERES THE **MIDDLE RIVER ASSOCIATION** WHO MARCH AND CHANT DOWN OUR STREETS.



OH YEA, AND WE LIVE ACROSS FROM THE **INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS**.

THE **CIRCLE K** DOWN THE STREET IS SO EASY TO STEAL FROM SOMETIMES HAVE TO CALL FOR THE EMPLOYEE TO COME RING UP YOUR DECAY PURCHASE.



ONCE KERB PULLED OVER 'CAUSE THIS OLD GUY NEEDED A RIDE. WE WERE TRIPPING.



EARLIER THAT NIGHT A KID WALKED UP TO US AND SAID "HI. IM TOM AND I FREEBASE."

— verbatim

I KNOW CRACK'S EVERYWHERE, BUT ONCE A **VERY** YOUNG KID OFFERED ME SOME CRACK COCAINE FOR ONLY \$3.



I WOULD HAVE GOTTEN SOME, BUT FOR THREE DOLLARS IT PROBABLY WASN'T VERY GOOD CRACK.

(END)

A LONG-DISTANCE BUS LEAVES
THE HIGHWAY

TO MAKE ANOTHER STOP
ON THE MAIN STREET OF
ANOTHER STUNTED CITY.

WHAT IS
THIS?
WHERE ARE
WE?

THE OFFICIAL SCAM PUNKS GUIDE TO THE MIAMI METRAIL!!

If you miss your stop, simply get off at the next
station and take the train going in the opposite direction.

I LOVE THE METRO-RAIL. TO ME ITS MUCH MORE THAN SOMETHING TO THROW BIG BEER BOTTLES
AT AS IT RACES PAST THE PUNK SHOW AT CHEERS; ITS ANOTHER CHARMING EXAMPLE OF
HOPELESSLY INEPT CITY PLANNING. EVERY TIME IT RUMBLES PAST, EMPTY AND SAD, ON ITS SLOW,
INEVITABLE JOURNEY TO THE GARMENT SWEATSHOPS, FLOODED ROADS, AND SANTERIA REMAINS OF HIALEAH,
OR THE VAST WASTELAND OF KENDALL'S MALLS AND EXPRESSWAYS, I GET ALL WISTFUL. TO LOVE
THE METRAIL IS TO LOVE MIAMI, IN ALL ITS FADING GLORY. NAY-SAYERS SAY THE METRAIL
DOESNT GO ALOT OF PLACES, BUT WHERE DOES IT GO? OUR STATION BY STATION TOUR STARTS
DOWN AT THE SOUTH END AT **DADELAND SOUTH** - SIGHTS: OBSERVE THE 17TH ANNIVERSARY, THIS
YEAR OF THE FAMED "DADELAND MASSACRE" WHERE RIVAL DRUG SMUGGLERS SHOT IT OUT WITH
MACHINE GUNS IN MAYTUEL'S LIQUOR IN 1980, IN FULL DAYLIGHT, IN THE MIDDLE OF A CROWDED
MALL. A COUPLE SMUGGLERS BIT IT AND THE MESSAGE WAS SENT TO THE REST OF THE WORLD THAT
MIAMI WAS BASICALLY A LAWLESS DODGE CITY RULED BY COLOMBIANS WITH UZIS - A PERCEPTION THAT
HAPPILY SURVIVES TO THIS DAY! **SCAMS**: BORDER'S BOOKS ACROSS U.S. 1 FROM STATION HAS ALL THE
FREE BOOKS AND COFFEE YOU COULD ASK FOR... **HOPPABILITY**: THE STATION HAS TWO ENTRANCES SO YOUR
CHANCES OF CATCHING ONE UNGUARDED ARE DECENT. **DADELAND NORTH**: THE RAIL DOES NOT GO TO THE
AIRPORT, OR ANY MAJOR STADIUM, BUT HAS TWO STOPS FOR THIS ANCIENT MALL. I DREAM THAT ONE DAY
DADELAND MALL WILL BE LIKE MALLS UP IN BROWARD COUNTY - ABANDONED AND COVERED ON THE INSIDE
WITH TEENAGE GANG GRAFFITI, A REFUGE TO SKATERS AND UNDERAGE DRINKERS. UNTIL THAT DAY, YOU
SHOULD SKIP THIS DULL STOP. **SOUTH MIAMI** - A TRIP TO "SOMI" MEANS A TRIP TO THE "FREE" WENDY'S
SALAD BAR AT RED ROAD. STATION IS SMALL, NEARLY UNHOPPABLE, AND ONE TIME THE GUARD TRIED
TO PUNCH MY FRIEND, BRAD, FOR NO REASON. PROCEED WITH CAUTION! **UNIVERSITY**: THERE'S LOTS OF
FREE SHIT AT THE UNIVERSITY, LIKE THE LIBRARY AND THE PIANOS AND DRUMS IN THE MUSIC BUILDING.
THERE'S A "CIRCLE K" AND A DOMINO'S PIZZA NEXT TO EACH OTHER ON PONCE DE LEON, WHERE
ONE TIME I DUMPSTERED PIZZA, HEATED IT IN THE "CIRCLE K" MICROWAVE, BOUGHT BEER, AND JUST
SAT OUTSIDE THE STATION, DRINKING BEER AND PIZZA ALL DAY! IT WAS SO FUN! I THOUGHT I'D END UP
DANG IT ALL THE TIME BUT SOMEHOW, I'VE NEVER GOT AROUND TO DOING IT AGAIN. **DOUGLAS ROAD**:
THIS IS PROBABLY THE EASIEST STATION OF ALL TO HOP BECAUSE OF A CRUCIAL ARCHITECTURAL
FLAW IN THE STATION'S DESIGN THAT HAS THE TURNSTILES AT ONE ENTRANCE BLOCKED FROM THE VIEW
OF THE GUARD STATION BY THE ELEVATOR! HOP AWAY! SIGHTS: A HUGE COMMUNITY HAS SPRUNG UP IN
HOMEMADE SHACKS UNDER THE RAIL, SERVING AS AN EXCELLENT STUDY IN URBAN PLANNING. JUST LIKE
PITTSBURGH, FOR EXAMPLE, RISING AT THE INTERSECTION OF THREE RIVERS THIS "CITY" HAS SPRUNG UP
IN CLOSE PROXIMITY TO A NATURAL SOURCE OF WEALTH (3-WAY INTERSECTION OF U.S. 1, BIRD, AND DOUGLAS
MALL LIQUOR!) **COCONUT GROVE**: THE STATION NAME IS THE LAST LINK TO ANYTHING
RESEMBLING "THE GROVE" AS ALL THE FLOPPY, OLD, WOOD HOUSES UNDER HUGE SHADE TREES ARE
BULDOZED TO MAKE WAY FOR THE UGLY, PINK/BLUE PASTEL TOWNHOMES WITH HUGE GATES
AROUND THEM. RECOMMENDED ACTIVITY: STEAL CD'S FROM **SPEL'S**. CHASE RICKSHAW DRIVERS.
GO TO THE SUNDAY DRUM CIRCLE IN PEACOCK PARK AND GET LECTURED BY A MYSTIC BUM.
BUY FAKE DRUGS FROM A CRAFTY OLD STREET GUY. GET RUN OVER BY ROLLERBLADERS, ETC.
VIZCAYA - THIS STATION HAS A VERY NICE STONE FOUNTAIN IN FRONT OF IT, AND, IF
YOU'RE LUCKY YOU MAY ARRIVE AT THE STATION ON THE ONE DAY A YEAR THAT THE
CITY HAS MONEY TO RUN WATER IN IT. THIS IS THE NEAREST METRAIL STATION TO
MADONNA'S HOUSE. **BRICKELL** - THIS IS STILL MY FAVORITE STATION. FROM THE PLATFORM
YOU CAN SEE TONS OF HUGE TREES, TALL BUILDINGS, AND THROUGH A CRACK IN THE SKYLINE,
BISCAYNE BAY. THIS STOP IS A 5-MINUTE WALK FROM AN EASY-TO-STEAL-FROM **HYDE PARK MARKET**
AND EXCELLENT DRINKING SPOTS ON THE RIVER, THE BAY, AND IN SEVERAL PARKS, AS WELL AS
KINKO'S AND DOWNTOWN ITSELF, AND THE BREAD DUMPSTER AT BRICKELL EMPORIUM! OH YEAH,
THE 2-DOLLARS-FOR-HUGE-PLATE-OF-BEANS-AND-RICE-PLACE IS RIGHT THERE, TOO, ON 8th
STREET. **GOVERNMENT CENTER** - EASY AS HELL TO HOP RIGHT IN DOWNTOWN, NEXT TO THE
MAIN LIBRARY, AND YOUR TRANSFER SPOT TO THE REAL FUN OF THE MINI-DOWNTOWN ONLY-
RAIL, THE METROMOVER. STEVE AND I USED TO DO **FUNYONS** SITOWNS ON THE MOVER
WITH HIS BATTERY-POWERED GUITAR AMP AND A SNARE DRUM, STUNNING COMMUTERS.
ONE TIME, ABOUT 8 OF US WENT AND DRUNK AS HELL ON THE MOVER, JUST RIDING IT
GOT

AROUND THE LOOP ALL NIGHT. THE MOVER'S ALL RICKETY, LIKE A SMALL-TOWN ROLLER COASTER AND THERE'S ALL THESE SCARY TURNS WHERE IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE GOING TO FALL OFF THE TRACK TO YOUR DEATH, SEVERAL STORIES DOWN, AND, OF COURSE, SINCE ITS IN MIAMI, THERE'S NO REASON TO BELIEVE THAT IT WON'T FALL, YAKNOW? IT WAS PRETTY FUN.

OVERTOWN/ARENA: SIGHTS: THE SOON-TO-BE-ABANDONED MIAMI ARENA. THE HEAT AND THE PANTHERS ARE MOVING OUT LEAVING ANOTHER SPORTS ARENA PROJECT THAT DID NOTHING BUT HELP FUCK UP AN ALREADY FUCKED UP NEIGHBORHOOD, MY DREAM IS THAT THE DOWNTOWN HOMELESS WILL STORM THE ARENA WITH CROWBARS, AND TAKE IT OVER, BUT THE REAL ARENA FUTURE IS PROBABLY MORE BLEAK. BEST CASE: IT BECOMES "WORLD'S #1 INDOOR FLEA MARKET." WORST CASE: IT IS TURNED INTO A NEW JAIL. RECOMMENDED ACTIVITY: DRINK MALT LIQUOR IN "CRACK ALLEY" AND MARVEL AT THE SHEER HOPELESSNESS OF IT ALL. **CULMER:** QUITE FRANKLY, A ROUGH AREA. SIGHTS: CRACKHOUSES AND THE WOMEN'S DETENTION CENTER. HOPPABILITY: I DOUBT IT. YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED THAT THE JOGGING PATH UNDER THE RAIL ENDED AT BRICKELL AND WAS NOT RESUMED NORTH OF THE RIVER. THIS IS BECAUSE PEOPLE SOUTH OF THE RIVER JOG AND FOLKS UP NORTH OF THE RIVER RUN! **CIVIC CENTER:** THIS MAY LOOK LIKE ANOTHER EXCITING DOWNTOWN AREA, BUT DON'T GET OFF THE RAIL HERE CUZ ITS A TRAP! THERE'S NOTHING HERE EXCEPT THE JAIL, THE COURTHOUSE, AND THE HOSPITAL - THE INTERSECTION OF BUREAUCRACY AND HUMAN MISERY! YIKES! ITS ACTUALLY PRETTY HOPPABLE, EVEN AFTER A NIGHT IN JAIL, BUT, I SAY, ITS BETTER TO SKIP THE CIVIC CENTER EXPERIENCE ACTOGETHER! **SANTA CLARA** - THIS OFTEN OVERLOOKED STATION IS A GREAT STOP IF YOU WANT TO DRINK BEER ON THE LOADING DOCKS OF MIAMI'S PRODUCE DISTRICT, GO TO THE HUGE WEEKEND FLEA MARKET IN THE PARKING LOT OF BOBBY MADURO STADIUM, OR IF YOU HAPPEN TO BE AN EMPLOYEE OF THE CITY OF MIAMI WASTE PAPER FACILITY. SIGHTS: IN THE TRADITION OF MIAMI'S DOOMED NEW "ATTRACTION", "RIVERWALK" ALONG THE FILTHY RIVER, DOWNTOWN, I SUGGEST "TRACKWALK." GO NORTH FROM THE STATION ON 12TH AVE. TO THE TRACKS AND TURN LEFT FOR 10 BLOCKS OF PURE HUMAN WASTE! HERE'S WHAT YOU GET: COUNTLESS BAGS OF ROTTING SACRIFICED ANIMALS FROM SANTERIA RITUALS, ROTTING FRUIT, SINISTER GRAFFITI, HUMAN FECES IN THE SUN, BROKEN LIGHTERS, PORNO MAGS, AND ZOMBIES ON CRACK! ON A HOT DAY, THE TRUE PAIN OF LIFE IS FELT. THE CITY COULD ALSO SAVE MONEY WITH AN ATTRACTION LIKE THIS - INSTEAD OF HAVING A SHUTTLEBUS, THEY COULD JUST HAVE A GUY CHASE YOU BACK TO THE METRO RAIL! **ALLAPATTAH:** SIGHTS - CONTINENTAL BLOOD BANK, ONE BLOCK WEST ON 36TH STREET! **EARLINGTON HEIGHTS:** THIS STATION IS A SHORT WALK FROM THE ABANDONED GRAVEYARD WITH WEEDS OVER HEADSTONES, THE EVERPRESENT STENCH OF DEATH, AND LOTS OF SEVERE LOOKING HALF ZOMBIE DUDES LURKING BACK THERE IN THE TREES! EVEN IN BROAD DAYLIGHT ITS SCARY AS HELL, AND THEY DIDN'T NEED A FENCE TO KEEP ME OUT! **BROWNSVILLE:** NOT BAD FOR A PLEASANT AFTERNOON TRIP TO THE BIG THRIFT STORE AND A LUNCH OF CISCO AND 25¢ HONEY BUNS, AVAILABLE AT ANY CORNER STORE. PROBABLY, HOWEVER, A BAD PLACE TO STAND AROUND, LATE AT NIGHT, WITH AN OPEN MAP, ASKING RANDOM PASSERSBY HOW TO GET TO THE BEACH. **DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR. PLAZA** - SIGHTS: HEARTBREAKING VIEW OF NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSING PROJECTS FROM PLATFORM SHOWS HOW THE CITY CUTS ALL THE LIMBS OFF THE TREES, LEAVING THESE MUTILATED STUMPS. SUPPOSEDLY, THEY DO THIS SO COPS CAN SEE INTO THE PROJECTS, AND SO "CRIMINALS" (READ: ALL RESIDENTS) HAVE "NOWHERE TO HIDE." **NORTHSIDE** - SERVICES 79TH STREET, THE HOME OF HIP-HOP PIRATE RADIO, INDOOR FLEA MARKETS, AND THE URBAN TRAILER PARK. THERE'S A GREAT POOL IN ONE TRAILER PARK, WEST OF STATION ON 79TH, AND THE BIGGEST BOLT CUTTERS THE LAW ALLOWS ARE ON SALE IN THE FLEA MARKET. CHECK OUT THE ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL PARK THAT DOUBLES AS THE "NORTHSIDE ART GALLERY" - A HUGE 2-STORY BUILDING FULL OF FULL WALL MURALS OF LOCAL GRAFFITI. ITS ALL COOL AND DARK AND PEACEFUL INSIDE, LIKE A MUSEUM, AND THERE'S JUST ROW AFTER ROW OF PIECES! **TRI-RAIL** - UP THE TRACKS IS CSX TRAIN YARD FOR BEER DRINKING, SPRAY PAINTING, AND FREIGHT HOPPING. EAST HIALEAH IS FUN AND ABANDONED ON SUNDAYS, BUT IS ALSO THE EPICENTER OF STRAY, RABID DOGS, SO BE CAREFUL! **HIALEAH** - THE RAIL BARELY ENTERS THE SEPARATE PLANET OF THE CITY OF HIALEAH, AS IF IT IS AFRAID, OR SOMETHING. FROM THE PLATFORM YOU CAN JUST FEEL THE SANTERIA AT WORK! THIS IS YOUR STOP FOR THE BEAUTIFUL, OLD RACE TRACK. **OKEECHOBEE** - NOT ALL THE WAY TO LAKE OKEECHOBEE, BUT FEELS LIKE IT. THE UNLUCKY HORSESHOE-SHAPED CYCLE OF THE RAIL COMES TO AN END HERE, ON U.S. 27, AMID TRUCKSTOPS AND STRIP CLUBS, OFFERING "THE FREE FRICTION LAP DANCE." THIS IS ALSO A COUPLE TRUCKSTOPS AND THE LANDFILLS AND BODY DUMPING SPOTS OF THE QUANT TOWN, MEDLEY, IF YOU JUST WANT TO SAY YOU'VE BEEN THERE... SO THE RAIL BASICALLY STARTS AND ENDS... NOWHERE! YOU MIGHT WANT TO PICK UP A 6-PAK HERE. ITS A LONG RIDE BACK TO DADELAND...

TO KILL THE TIME, A YOUNG CIVIL ENGINEER SHOWS MR. KNIFE HIS GRANDIOSE PLANS FOR BRIDGES WHICH WILL NEVER BE BUILT.

"ONE FUTILITY FILLED, ONE EMBARRASSMENT GLAZED, AND SOMETHING YELLOW FOR OL' BUZZCUTT"

The I.N.S. Building is right by my house. It is, somewhat ironically, I think, located only a couple blocks from the huge, old watertower, by the railroad tracks that says, "WELCOME TO MIAMI", real big on it.

For weeks, the lines out front of the building had been getting longer and longer. Riding my bike home at 4:00 AM, I'd see the first handful of families gathering outside, pacing and waiting for the building to open, with envelopes and papers in hand. The whole city was in a panic, because of two new laws that were going into effect on the first of the month. One, a new welfare reform law, would deny benefits even to legal immigrants. The other was a new, tougher immigration law that made citizenship harder to attain, and could, depending on how it was enforced, cause whole families to be deported, even if they had jobs and had been in the country for years! All over Miami, people were lining up at welfare offices to find out their welfare status. Many others were arranging last minute marriages to U.S. citizens. The INS had to issue a statement saying that marriage wouldn't effect status under the new law.

No one seemed to be able to say, for sure, what the new law would change, and every one was afraid. An elderly Cuban immigrant with AIDS, quite bleakly summed up the city's mood when he made front page news by committing suicide, and leaving a note saying that he would have had no way to survive without his monthly SSI check.

Obviously, having a significant portion of the city's people suddenly lose their income and having businesses suddenly lose their employees to deportation, was a huge economic time bomb for Miami. But what was worse, I felt, was the lines, themselves. Long lines of terrified people facing casual, bureaucratic cruelty, in public. It was making my city a grimmer, more unlivable place to live. How many fucking hoops does someone have to jump through, anyways, before the government will say, "OK, you're a real person, now?"

On the last night before the law went into effect, I was riding by at 2:00 AM, and there were already 150-200 people there! Whole families with lawnchairs and blankets, out on 79th street. I was riding along, feeling sort-of disgusted that all I could do was think, "Duh. What a fucked up situation..." I wished there was something I had to offer them, or some way to let them know that not everyone here wants them to leave.

Thinking of lines made me think of free food. Then, I thought, well, what if, while waiting six hours through the night at 79th and Biscayne, with all the rats, drug dealers, prostitutes, and cops, the people had some food offered to them? I saw a couple people in line with Dunkin' Donuts cups, and then I realized that Dunkin' Donuts was only a couple blocks away, and this was right about the time of night that they'd be throwing out the day old donuts. It seemed like it'd be pretty easy to convince the D.D. crew to just give them to me. Instead, and then I could bring them over to the line for anyone who wanted them.

The Haitian girl who works the night shift at Dunkin' Donuts there is pretty nice. She's given me free donuts before. I told her about the huge line, and said I wanted to take the day old donuts over there. I was pretty sure she understood what I meant, but she doesn't speak English that well. I told her I wanted them in Dunkin' Donuts bags, and she said, "OK, go out back and wait, before the boss comes back."

Out back, I waited awhile. Finally, the back door opened and this white guy, with a buzz cut comes out with a garbage bag, full of the donuts. Wait! A garbage bag ??? Before I knew it, he was swinging the bag over his head, so that he could throw it over the fence, into the dumpster. I yelled, "Hey! You don't have to do that! You can just give them to me."

"No way!" he snaps. "Can't do it. I have to put them IN the trash."

I say, "What the fuck? I'm right here. No one cares!"

"No way. Can't do it. I go through this shit with you people, every night. I could lose my job."

A quick look around the surrounding parking lot reveals one rat running up a tree, and an old, black man, on a bus bench, having a spirited conversation with himself.

I yell, "Bullshit! There's nobody here to see, but you and me! Who's going to know?"

But it's too late. He throws the bag. It misses the dumpster, and splits open on the ground. "I can't lose my job!" he repeats, over his shoulder, as he shuffles back inside the back door.

The bag, it turns out, isn't really broken too bad, but, in a garbage bag, it looks like what it is: trash.

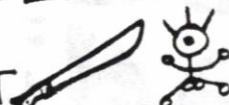
I wonder for awhile whether I should go over to the line with these donuts, at all, but I finally decide to ride over with them and check it out. Maybe the usual 79th street homeless crew would want them.

But, when I get there, I can see right away that I've made a terrible mistake. I'm a sweaty, purple-haired, white guy, freak, waving around a sack of trash on 79th street, like its lunch, or something. "Uh... Dunkin' Donuts just gave me these to give to anyone who wants them..." I say, feebly, to a couple of people. They all stare, in horror, like I'm crazy. I realize that I must be insulting them pretty hard. I feel completely, hopelessly idiotic, and mumble a couple of apologies, and ride home, where I can lay awake in my nice bed, and feel stupid.

But it's not all bad, right? At least ol' Buzzcut still has his fucking job.

THE BALL & CHAIN & THE SPACESHIP: THOUGHTS ON HEROIN USE.

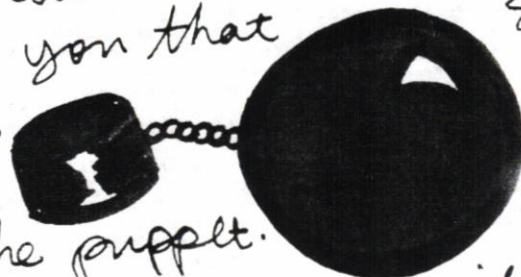
by FLINT



I don't have nightmares very often, but the ones I have are usually about heroin. I hear a story. I see the emergency room. I'm an invisible spirit watching my friends shoot up. I watch people cry. Is it because of some rich drug dealer or is it deeper and more personal? I don't know - certainly the economics of it tell you that somebody pulls

strings else

be the puppet.



and somebody lets themselves like Miles, SO WHAT.

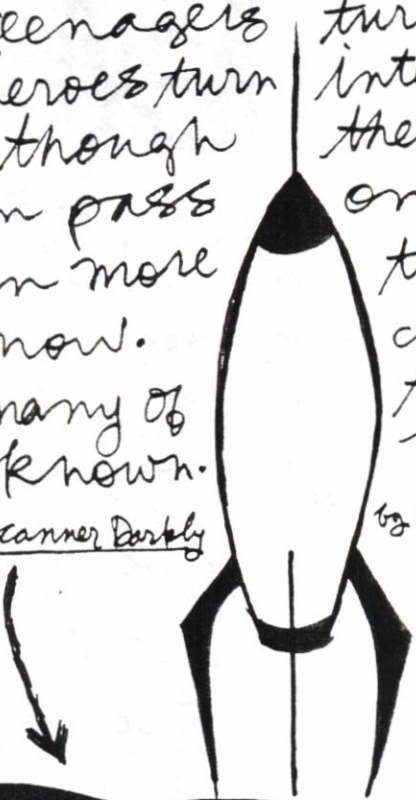
It seems impossible to decide what's more horrifying: people who consciously sell their souls, or people accidentally getting caught up because they're too blind. "Didn't you know, you know, you'd end up strung out and pathetic, or dead?" A: "No, it just sort of happened." B: "Yeah, that was the whole point." "Is it?" ☆

There's a way to search and stretch that makes us more FREE. Then there are things that tie us down and take the life out of us...

We all go both ways at the same time,
but all I know is this: heroin is no
fucking spaceship. I've lost friends,
seen teenagers turn blue and die,
seen heroes turn into wretches... and
even though there's no judgment
I can pass on anybody, I hate
heroin more than anything else
I know. It's killed and maimed
too many of the beautiful people
I've known. That's all. Peace.

• from A Scanner Darkly

by Philip K. Dick.



AUTHOR'S NOTE

This has been a novel about some people who were punished entirely too much for what they did. They wanted to have a good time, but they were like children playing in the street; they could see one after another of them being killed—run over, maimed, destroyed—but they continued to play anyhow. We really all were very happy for a while, sitting around not toiling but just bullshitting and playing, but it was for such a terrible brief time, and then the punishment was beyond belief: even when we could see it, we could not believe it. For example, while I was writing this I learned that the person on whom the character Jerry Fabin is based killed himself. My friend on whom I based the character Ernie Luckman died before I began the novel. For a while I myself was one of these children playing in the street; I was, like the rest of them, trying to play instead of being grown up, and I was punished. I am on the list below, which is a list of those to whom this novel is dedicated, and what became of each.

Drug misuse is not a disease, it is a decision, like the decision to step out in front of a moving car. You would call



Fig. 2 - The basement makes a good station location if it is dry.

MY FRIEND, CINQUE, WAS THE ONE WHO FIRST FOUND THE NORTHSIDE BLACK POWER PIRATE RADIO STATION, WAY DOWN ON THE LEFT OF THE FM DIAC. YOU COULD ONLY TUNE IT IN, UP ON THE NORTHSIDE, SO WE'D LISTEN TO IT WHILE WE DROVE DOWN 79TH STREET, WHENEVER I WENT TO HIS HOUSE. YOU COULD TELL IT WAS PIRATE RADIO, BECAUSE OF THE # OF TIMES THE DJ'S WOULD SAY "MOTHERFUCKER" IN EVERY SENTENCE AND BECAUSE OF THE RAD, CRAZY SHIT THEY PLAYED. THEY'D PLAY ALL THIS POORLY RECORDED LOCAL RAP, LIKE THIS ONE SONG, "TOO MANY SUCKAS, NOT ENOUGH STRETCHAS" WHERE THE GUY RAPS, "LIVIN' IN THE 'M', THE 'I', THE 'A', I / SOMETIMES I GOTTA ASK MYSELF 'WHY?' " OR THEY'D PLAY 2PAC, AND THEN, EVERY COUPLE OF BEATS, THE DJ'S WOULD CUT IN OVER IT AND JUST SCREAM, HOWL, OR GO "UH!" AND THE MUSIC WOULD CUT OUT COMPLETELY!

MOST OF THE TIME, THERE'D BE 4 OR 5 DJ'S ALL IN THE ROOM WITH THE MIKE, ALL TALKING AND YELLING AND TELLING JOKES OVER THE MUSIC. IT WAS JUST TOTALLY LOUD, CHAOTIC, AND FUN. THEY EVEN TOOK PHONE CALLS, SOMEHOW. THEY'D PLAY A BEAT AND PEOPLE WOULD CALL UP TO RAP OVER IT, OVER THE PHONE! YO! TALK ABOUT D.I.Y!

ACTUALLY, THEY WERE NEVER REALLY POLITICAL AT ALL. WE CALLED IT THE "BLACK POWER" STATION BECAUSE OF ONE TIME WHEN THEY WERE TAKING CALLS, AND THIS PUDE CALLED UP AND SAID, "SOUTHERN BELL VAN'S BEEN PARKED OUT IN FRONT OF MY HOUSE FOR 3 DAYS... THERE AINT NOTHIN' WRONG WITH THE GODDAMN PHONE!!" ITS THE WHITE MAN SPYING ON US AND TRYING TO KEEP US DOWN!" LIKE I SAID, IT WAS A GREAT STATION.

BESIDES BEING REALLY GREAT RADIO, "THE STATION", AS WE CALLED IT, WAS EXCITING. WHO WERE THESE GUYS? WHERE DID THEY BROADCAST FROM? AND HOW DID EVERYONE KNOW THEIR # TO CALL IN, WHEN THEY NEVER GAVE IT OUT OVER THE AIR? WHEN THE DJ'S TALKED, I'D LISTEN TO SEE IF THERE WAS EVEN SOME DISCERNABLE CODE THAT THEY USED, BUT COULDN'T CATCH ONE. I NEVER FOUND OUT ANYTHING, REALLY, AND EVENTUALLY I MOVED AWAY FROM MIAMI.

BUT AFTER ALL MY PLANS FELL APART, ONE BY ONE, LAST YEAR, I FOUND MYSELF BACK IN MIAMI, TRYING TO SORT IT ALL OUT. I ENDED UP LIVING UP ON THE NORTHSIDE, OFF 79TH STREET, GOOD OLE 79TH STREET - HOME TO THE "WELCOME TO MIAMI" WATERTOWER, AND THE U.S. BUILDING. SIX LANES OF ROAD, FROM BEACH TO SWAMP, FULL OF RUSTY, OLD AMERICAN CARS, BLASTIN' BASS. THE URBAN TRAILER PARK, AND THE INDOOR FLEA MARKET. THE 99¢ QUART OF MALT LIQUOR...

I ALWAYS THOUGHT 79TH STREET, AND NOT THE BEACHES, OR HOTELS, WAS THE TRUE HEART OF MIAMI. YOU LOOK AT EVERYTHING AND THINK "THIS WAS ALL ONCE SOMEBODY'S IDEA OF A GOOD IDEA." IT WAS GOOD TO COME HOME TO. THERE'S ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE BAD IDEA ON 79TH STREET. BAD CREDIT? NO CREDIT? NO PROBLEM!

RIGHT AWAY, I STARTED TRYING TO TUNE IN THE STATION, BUT I COULDN'T SEEM TO FIND IT. I DIDN'T KNOW IF MY RADIO HAD BAD RECEPTION, OR IF THEY'D JUST GONE OFF THE AIR. I WASN'T EVEN SURE OF THE EXACT FREQUENCY. I BECAME SORT-OF OBSESSED WITH FINDING OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO 'EM, BUT THERE WAS NO WAY TO FIND OUT.

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¡ATENCIÓN!

"79th STREET RADIO" cont.

Es prohibido tener Gallos in la Ciudad. Si Ud. es el Dueño del Gallo, sea notificado que está quebrando la Ley. El Department of Animal Control y el Departamento de Policía han sido notificados de esto.

MEANWHILE, I KEPT BUSY TAKING LONG BIKE RIDES TO EXPLORE THE NORTHSIDE, AN ALMOST TOUCHING DAILY TOUR OF THE VERY ARCHITECTURE OF DEFEAT. THERE WAS SAD, OLD BOBBY MADURO STADIUM, NAMED FOR A CUBAN BASEBALL STAR WHO NEVER MADE THE MAJORS. ORIGINALLY, IT WAS BUILT IN THE 50'S BY A CUBAN FINANCIER TO CURE MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL TO MIAMI. BUT, EVEN THEN, IT WAS BUILT TOO SMALL. THE FINANCIER LOST ALL HIS MONEY, BACKING CASTRO, AND THEN, LATER, BACKING ANTI-CASTRO REVOLUTIONARIES. BY THE 80'S THE STATION WAS A SHELTER AND PROCESSING CENTER FOR NICARAGUAN REFUGEES. NOW, ITS HOST TO A WEEKEND FLEA MARKET IN ITS PARKING LOT.

A LITTLE EAST AND NORTH IS THE SO-CALLED "MIAMI DESIGN DISTRICT", WITH ITS EMPTY, EMBARRASSED STREETS AND 1980'S PASTEL MURALS. THE IDEA, AS OLDTIMERS TELL IT, WAS TO BRING ARTISTS AND CLOTHING DESIGNERS TOGETHER IN A THRIVING, NEARLY HISTORIC, CENTRAL CITY AREA. IT DIDN'T WORK, AND TODAY YOU'D BE LUCKY TO BRING TOGETHER ONE LOST TOURIST AND ONE AGGRESSIVE PANHANDLER DOWN THERE. IF THE "MIAMI DESIGN DISTRICT" WAS A BOOK, IT'D COST 25¢ AT A THRIFT STORE, AND BE ON THE SHELF NEXT TO "THE GREAT STOCK MARKET CRASH OF 1988" AND "EAT TO WIN."

AH, PLANS, PLANS, PCANS. DOOM, DOOM, DOOM. I WASN'T SURE HOW IT WAS GOING TO WORK OUT, BUT MY CURRENT PLAN WAS TO PAY MY VERY CHEAP RENT BY COMMITTING VARIOUS MANAGABLE CRIMES, LIKE STEALING CDs AND SELLING THEM. SO FAR, SO GOOD. I NOTICED, AND EVEN ENJOYED THE ABSURDITY OF CRIME AS A RENT-PAYING JOB. LIKE MOST PEOPLE COMMUTE DAILY FROM THE SUBURBS TO THE CITY, ALL DRESSED UP, FOR WORK. I GET CLEANED UP A LITTLE AND HEAD OUT THE OTHER WAY, TO LURK AROUND THE 'BURBS HITTING VARIOUS, SOFT STORES. TO SUPPLEMENT MY INCOME AS A CAREER CRIMINAL, WHEN TIMES GOT ROUGH, I'D SOMETIMES PICK UP A LITTLE CASH, WRITING RECORD REVIEWS FOR THE LOCAL FREE WEEKLY. IT JUST ISN'T EASY BEING A YOUNG, STARVING CRIMINAL.

JUST WHEN I'D PRETTY MUCH FALLEN IN LOVE WITH THE NORTHSIDE, FOR ITS OWN SAKE, AND HAD GIVEN UP THE SEARCH FOR THE STATION, I FOUND WHAT COULD HAVE BEEN A STRANGE CLUE. I WAS RIDING AROUND THIS NAMELESS AREA THAT I'D STARTED CALLING THE "D.C.C." MOST CITIES, I FIGURED, HAD THE "CENTRAL BUSINESS DISTRICT" - THE "C.B.D." BUT MIAMI HAD THE "DEVESTATED CITY CENTER" - THE "D.C.C." ITS ALL UNUSED WAREHOUSES, HUGE FENCED-OFF LOTS OF WEEDS AND RUBBLE BOARDED-UP PROJECTS, AND TRACKS WITH NO TRAINS. THERE'S EVEN A LITTLE GRAFFITI AND IT ALWAYS MAKES ME THINK, "IF YOU TAG IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FOREST AND NO ONE'S THERE TO SEE IT..." BUT THIS TIME, I WAS THERE, AT THE END OF A DEAD END STREET TO SEE WHERE SOMEONE HAD SPRAYPAINTED,

"TAPE RADIO 61.5 W-E-E-D."

TAPE
RADIO
61.5
W-E-E-D

THE
BOY
on 53

"61.5" WOULD SEEM TO BE A RADIO FREQUENCY. "W-E-E-D" WOULD SEEM TO BE A STATION'S CALL LETTERS. WAS THIS SOME KIND OF AD? HOW COULD IT BE A STATION, THOUGH, IF THE FM BAND DOESN'T GO DOWN THAT LOW? EVEN IF THERE COULD BE A STATION AT 61.5, ALMOST NO ONE WOULD HAVE A RADIO THAT COULD TUNE IT IN. 61.5 WOULD ALMOST CERTAINLY BE DEAD AIR, STATIC. I TRIED IT AS A PHONE NUMBER - 615-WEED. NOT IN SERVICE.

57th		St	57th
56th		St	56th
			56th

47th	22	47th	St
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"179TH STREET RADIO"

Mervyn Adirim, a Westchester resident since 1959, says his neighborhood has gone from being spotless to resembling "a Third World country."

"Code violation is rampant these days," Adirim, 64, said. "I have neighbors who have chickens."

I FIGURED THAT SINCE THERE'S REALLY NEVER ANY PEOPLE DOWN IN THE D.C.C., IF G.I.S WAS SOMEHOW A STATION, THEY WERE PROBABLY BROADCASTING FROM A WAREHOUSE ON THAT STREET, AND THAT THE BROADCASTERS, THEMSELVES, HAD PROBABLY PAINTED IT. BUT, LATER THAT SAME DAY, I FOUND THE EXACT SAME SPRAYPAINTED MESSAGE, IN THE SAME WRITING AND BLACK PAINT, 30 BLOCKS NORTH IN LITTLE HAITI.

WELL, I NEVER DID FIND OUT WHAT IT MEANT, BUT THAT NIGHT, IT WAS HOT AS HELL OUTSIDE, SO I WAS JUST LAYING AROUND, FEELING SWEATY AND MISERABLE, WHEN I CHECKED THE RADIO FOR THE FIRST TIME IN WEEKS AND, I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT! THE STATION WAS BACK ON THE AIR! DJ FUNKY-ONE WAS ON, PLAYING MUSIC AND TAKING CALLS. HE'D PLAY A LITTLE INSTRUMENTAL BEAT PART AND THEN SUDDENLY CUT IN, COMPLETELY OVER THE MUSIC, PUT THE CALLER ON THE AIR AND YELL, "WASSUP?!"

"I WANT TO SAY TWO TIMES FOR LITTLE HAITI", A GIRL CALLER WOULD SAY.

DJ FUNKY-ONE WOULD SAY, "ALLRIGHT, BABY, LITTLE HAITI'S IN THE HOUSE... WASSUP?!"

THE NEXT CALLER WANTED TO SAY ONE TIME FOR THE LARCHMONT CLICK. "ARRRIGHT! WASSUP?!"

ONE TIME FOR ARENA TOWERS, ONE TIME FOR THE SIX-EIGHT, ONE TIME FOR EDISON, TWO TIMES FOR THE SEVEN-FOUR BOYZ, AND A SHOUT OUT TO SHADOW MAN. IT WENT ON ALL NIGHT, MUSIC AND CALLS. OUTSIDE MY WINDOW, THE STATION SIGNAL WAS FLYING STRONG OVER THE DARK ROWS OF STREETS AND AVENUES, PAST THE OPEN WINDOWS AND OPEN APARTMENT DOORS AND FRONT PORCHES, THE WHOLE SAD, CITY OUT THERE SWEATING IN THE NIGHT. I DRANK SOME TALL CANS FROM THE 7TH AND BISCAYNE BEER SPECIAL AND LISTENED, AND IT FELT LIKE EVERY RADIO IN THE NORTHSIDE MUST BE TUNED IN.

I FINALLY, AFTER A WHILE, HEARD THE PHONE NUMBER GIVEN OUT, SO, ONE AFTERNOON, WHEN ONLY MUSIC WAS ON AND THEY WEREN'T TAKING CALLS, I CALLED ANYWAY, I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT WHEN DJ FUNKY-ONE ACTUALLY ANSWERED, I SAID, "UH, WHAT ARE YOU GUYS CALLED?"

HE SAID, "WE'RE THE SPACE STATION!"

"WHERE DO YOU BROADCAST FROM?"

"CAROL CITY."

"DO YOU, UH, HAVE A LICENSE, OR ANYTHING?"

DJ FUNKY-ONE STARTED LAUGHING. "YEAH, YEAH, WE GOT ALL THAT SHIT!" AND HUNG UP.

CAROL CITY WAS AT THE VERY NORTH END OF THE COUNTY. IT HAD ORIGINALLY BEEN A WHITE, SUBURBAN SUBDIVISION, BUT, EVENTUALLY, ALONG WITH OPA-LOCKA WAS WHERE CITY PLANNERS TRIED TO GET THE RISING BLACK POPULATION OF THE 60'S TO MOVE TO, WHEN THE CITY NEEDED NEW SLUM LAND AS FAR AWAY FROM DOWNTOWN AS POSSIBLE. THESE DAYS, IT'S A SEEDY, MENACING RESIDENTIAL SPRAWL OF LITTLE HOMES AND GANG GRAFFITI, KNOWN WIDELY AS A PLACE WHERE KIDS FROM WHITE, SUBURBAN SUBDIVISIONS GO TO BUY DRUGS.

I RODE UP THERE, BUT FOUND NO MORE GRAFFITI CLUES TO THE STATION'S WHEREABOUTS. LATER, WITH A CAR RADIO, I FOUND THAT YOU COULDN'T EVEN GET THE STATION THAT WELL, NORTH OF 125TH STREET, ABOUT 60 BLOCKS SOUTH OF CAROL CITY, SO I THINK DJ FUNKY-ONE WAS PROBABLY LYING ABOUT CAROL CITY.

SO, I STARTED KEEPING MY EYES OPEN FOR ANY NEW CLUES ON MY RIDE HOME FROM THE MORE WEALTHY SOUTHERN PARTS OF TOWN, WHERE I WAS "WORKING." IT WAS A LONG RIDE HOME BUT ALWAYS INTERESTING. WHEN YOU LEFT DOWNTOWN FOR THE NORTHSIDE, IT WAS LIKE CROSSING OVER ONTO THE FLIPSIDE OF THE POSTCARD. YOU RODE OUT OF THE PINK AND BLUE, NEON GLARE OF AIRCONDITIONED MALLS, CHAIN STORES, GATED CONDOOS, HOTELS AND SKYSCRAPERS, INTO

A DARK, NARROW MAZE OF FUNKY, OLD, WOOD HOUSES, HAND PAINTED SIGNS, AND CORNER STORES. THE SUBURBS HAVE THE POLICE PROTECTION; THE NORTH SIDE HAS VODOO. MIAMI BEACH HAS FASHION MODELS FROM EUROPE AND SOUTH AMERICA; 79TH STREET HAS A COUPLE 6'S" BLACK DUDES IN WIGS AND MINISKIRTS. WITHOUT MONEY, YOU'VE GOT TO IMPROVISE.

IT MADE ME THINK OF THE BOOK, 1984, AND HOW, IN IT, THERE WAS ABOUT 10% OF THE POPULATION THAT WAS FULLY INDOCTRINATED INTO THE PARTY, WAS CONSTANTLY UNDER SURVEILLANCE BY AND RECEIVING PROPAGANDA FROM THE TELESCREEN, AND HAD THE GOVERNMENT JOBS AND RELATIVE SECURITY. THEN THERE WAS THE REST OF THE PEOPLE, "THE PROLES" LIVING IN VAST, UNPOLICED OUTER REGIONS OF GHETTO, SURVIVING ON THE BLACK MARKET AND LIVING UNDER CONSTANT THREAT OF FALLING ROCKET SHELLS. THE PARTY MEMBERS WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO GO TO THE NEIGHBORHOODS OF THE PROLES, BUT WINSTON WOULD ALWAYS SNEAK OUT THERE TO GO BROWSE AT OLD JUNKSHOPS AND MEET HIS GIRL IN THE STREET. WHEN I'D RIDE INTO OVERTOWN, IT ALWAYS FELT LIKE THAT, LIKE I WASN'T ALLOWED TO BE THERE.

ONE OF THE NORTHSIDE'S BIGGEST MIDDLE FINGERS TO THE WHOLE MIAMI SUN AND FUN FANTASY WORLD IS IMPENETRABLE LITTLE HAITI WITH ITS VODOO AND BACKROOM GAMBLING AND POLITICAL GRAFFITI. I'D SIT AT MY FAVORITE SPOT, IN THE SHADE, BY THE ABANDONED RAILROAD TRACKS AND WATCH HUGE, STRONG, HAITIAN WOMEN WALK BY WITH BASKETS ON THEIR HEADS AND ROOSTERS RUNNING IN THE WEEDS AT THEIR FEET. THE OLD MILE MARKER ON THE TRACKS SAID "362" WHICH WOULD BE THE MILEAGE TO JACKSONVILLE, BUT NO TRAIN RUNS ANYMORE THAT WAY, AND I WONDER HOW MANY MILES IT IS TO PORT-AU-PRINCE. THERE'S FREIGHT CONTAINERS ALL OVER LITTLE HAITI, INCLUDING TWO IN THE CHURCHILL'S PARKING LOT. THEY'RE HARDLY NOTICABLE BUT I'VE SEEN PEOPLE DRIVE UP TO 'EM, AT ALL HOURS OF THE DAY, AND QUICKLY LOAD, LIKE, 10 REFRIGERATORS INTO THEM! THE FREIGHT GOES BACK TO HAITI, VIA BOATS ON THE MIAMI RIVER. IT'S NO SECRET, TOO, THAT ALMOST ALL STOLEN BIKES END UP ON THESE BOATS, TOO! YOU CAN SEE 'EM GOING OFF TO SEA WITH HUNDREDS OF BIKES ON THE ROOFS. NOW, ANYONE WHO KNOWINGLY BUYS A STOLEN BIKE, FOR WHATEVER REASON, IS SCUM IN MY BOOK. STILL, THE THOUGHT OF MY LAST BIKE WITH THE CAVITY AND MISTER TEXPERIENCE STICKERS STARTING ITS NEW LIFE IN HAITI DEFINATELY CAPTURES MY IMAGINATION. GOOD LUCK, OL' RUSTY!

LITTLE HAITI ALSO REPRESENTS ONE IN A LONG SERIES OF MIAMI'S CHEERFUL IRONIES. STARTED OUT AS AN ANTI-SEMITIC, WHITES ONLY PARADISE, MIAMI BEACH WAS SAVED FROM FINANCIAL RUIN... BY VACATIONING NEW YORK JEWISH MILLIONAIRES. MIAMI, ENVISIONED THE SAME WAY, NOW HAS 2 CUBAN MAYORS AND IS MAJORITY HISPANIC. AND THE NEIGHBORHOOD WHERE LITTLE HAITI IS WAS ONCE KEPT WHITES ONLY BY THREAT OF LYNCHING! IF THEY'D LIVED TO SEE HOW THEIR PLANS TURNED OUT!

WELL, FINALLY ONE DAY I GOT A HUGE CLUE WHEN THE STATION WAS APPARENTLY HAVING AN ON AIR LIVE PROMO PARTY! DJ FUNKY-ONE SAID, "C'MON DOWN! WE GOT ALL THIS GREAT FOOD DOWN HERE AT MAMA'S KITCHEN! WE GOT THE FRIED CHICKEN PLATE FOR 5 BUCKS AND MAMA'S CONCH DINNER FOR 7 BUCKS!" COULD IT BE?? DJ FUNKY-ONE AND A PIRATE RADIO TRANSMITTER. LIVE IN A RESTAURANT?? THE ADDRESS THEY GAVE OUT WAS ONLY A COUPLE BLOCKS AWAY IN THE HEART OF LITTLE HAITI. BUT WHEN I GOT THERE THERE WAS NO RESTAURANT AT ALL - JUST 2 BLACK DUDES ON A CONCH IN FRONT OF THIS TINY HOUSE CUT UP INTO FOUR EFFICIENCIES. I SAID, "UH... ARE YOU GUYS WITH THE RADIO STATION?" THEY LOOKED AT ME LIKE I WAS CRAZY AND NODDED. I MAY HAVE BEEN CRAZY. BIG DEAL. "THIS IS MAMA'S KITCHEN?" I COULD SMELL CHICKEN. THEY SAID IT WAS. I SAID, "BUT WHERE'S DJ FUNKY-ONE? WHERE'S THE STATION?" THEY BROKE UP LAUGHING AND ONE GUY SAID, "EVERYONE WANTS TO KNOW THAT!"

SO, "MAMA'S KITCHEN" WAS REALLY JUST SOME GUY'S MOM'S KITCHEN. I ENDED UP BUYING A FROZEN CUP OF CHERRY KOOL-AID FOR A QUARTER, AND SITTING AT MY FAVORITE SPOT, SUCKING ON IT IN THE SUMMER HEAT AND LAUGHING. NOW THAT I'D MET 2 PEOPLE FROM THE STATION THE WHOLE THING WAS EVEN MORE MYSTERIOUS!

WELL, I GUESS I DON'T MIND NOT KNOWING, AND NOW I'LL PROBABLY NEVER FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THE STATION, BECAUSE IT WAS TIME TO MOVE AWAY FROM THE NORTHSIDE. MY PLAN HADN'T FAILED. IT HAD WORKED TOO WELL. THE STORE THAT I WAS STEALING ALL MY CD'S FROM WAS GOING OUT OF BUSINESS.

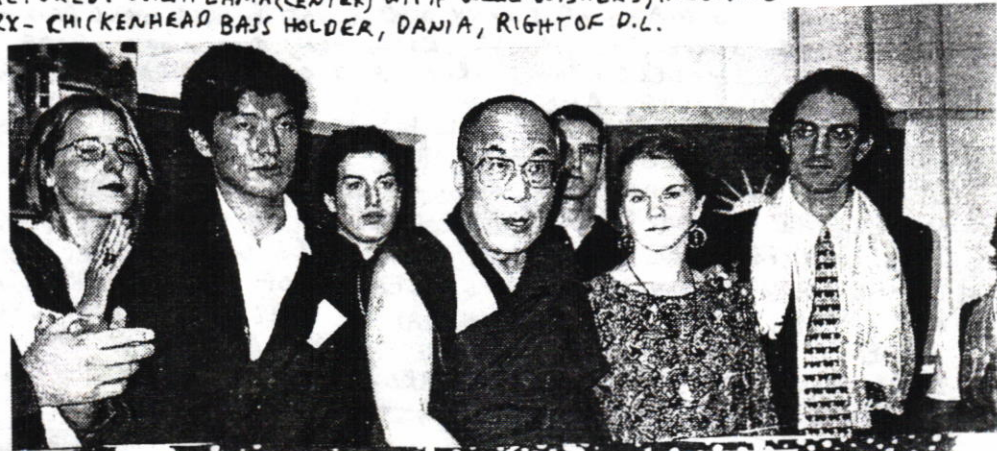
BUT I HAD ONE LAST SATURDAY NIGHT WITH THE STATION. ONE LAST NIGHT OF THE STATION SENDING OUT THE MIAMI-STYLE BASS TO BE PACKAGED AND DELIVERED TO THE SUBURBS VIA 79TH STREET IN A GREAT RUSTING 1971 OLDSMOBILE. ONE LAST RIDE THROUGH THE RUINS AND FAILING STREETS AND THE BAD IDEAS THAT TALKED TO YOU LATE AT NIGHT. LIKE RADIO.



JOHN
SAYS:
FAKE
KIDNAPPINGS
REALLY
WORK!!!

A column
by
JOHN DANIA
w/ guest
appearance by TOL
DALAI LAMA

PICTURED: DALAI LAMA (CENTER) WITH WELL WISHERS, INCLUDING
RY- CHICKENHEAD BASS HOLDER, DANIA, RIGHT OF D.L.



I Went to a Barbecue with the Dalai Lama's Ninja Bodyguard

This summer, Students for a Free Tibet got passes to Lollapalooza. Passing up the heavy temptation to scalp the tickets, I started planning our attack. It was pretty funny trying to get people together - I'd call up these people from Columbia and NYU and go "hey, I got free tickets to Lollapalooza! Wanna go?" College students are easy prey... No one really believed we would go through with it, so they all quickly agreed to help out with my plan for guerilla theater. It wasn't til about the day before the concert when they started getting nervous: "uh, what do mean I have to dress like a Tibetan nun?"

The bands sucked, the crowd was bored. Lollapalooza was ripe for takeover. We had a couple people dress up as "peaceful Tibetan demonstrators", who marched up to the bleachers and began shouting slogans, waving a Tibetan flag, and holding a "China out of Tibet" sign. As you can imagine, this was a bit out of place at Lollapalooza, and people wondered what was going on. Enter the Chinese Occupation Force, who charge the demonstrators, knocking them down and kicking and clubbing them senseless. This really got everyone's attention - now hundreds of people are squinting down at us wondering "who are those guys, and why are they beating up those other guys?" Next (this was the hard part) we went up into the stands and actually talked to people and passed out flyers. Some people quickly snapped back into drone-mode and were impossible to reach, but lots of them were still curious enough to want to talk to us. Some of the response was pretty depressing, like the pack of skin heads who wanted to know if we needed any help beating them up, but mostly it went pretty well.

This was a HUGE improvement over the year before, when we just sat at a booth and wondered why no one would talk to us except for an occasional confused drunk. (Several people came up and pointed to our banner and said "Uh, like, how do I get a 'free tibet'?" Guerrilla theater works! Short of grabbing people by the throat and yelling at them, it's the shurest way to get people to pay attention to you. When my friend Christy's squat was facing eviction in Amsterdam, they built a raft and staged this whole series of dramas up and down the canals, covering all of downtown. They tore down the building anyway, but at least they went out with style.

A few of us went down to Florida a while ago, to mess with a place called Splendid China. It's a theme park, in the shadow of Disney World, completely owned by the Chinese government. I'm not making this up! When it opened, the Miami Herald wrote a piece calling it the "torturer's theme park". You should check it out (after hours) some time - it's got to be one of the weirdest exhibits of propaganda anywhere. They've got a miniature Great Wall, replicas of palaces they destroyed, and little prostrating figurines all over the place. It's a trip.

Anyway, we blocked the entrance by locking ourselves together with this hardcore Greenpeace-inspired gear, and shut the place down for most of the day. A busload of Taiwanese showed up to help us out, burning flags and chanting slogans (you know, like "off the pigs" and stuff). It was pretty funny - one person (I'll call her Sarah, cuz that's who it was) acted as the police liason, so all communication with the cops went through her. The Captain in charge of the arrest - standing right next to us - would be like "Sarah, could you please inform the demonstrators that if they do not cooperate when we attempt to put them in the van that they will be charged with resisting arrest?"

We weren't really all that slick though, and we couldn't quite get the hang of our Greenpeace gear. Once the cops figured out that we weren't chained together as permanently as we said we were, they just pulled us apart. "Hey,

man, that hurts!" I said. "It's gonna hurt - it's called a pain pry", replied the cop, smiling for the first time. Oh. Still, they had to call the fire department with the Jaws of Life or whatever in case they needed to cut the stuff off of us, and the chaos lasted for several hours. We watched station wagons full of little kids with their faces pressed to the glass start to drive in, and then turn around in a near panic when they saw the scene we created. Hi kids! Free Tibet - torture isn't splendid!

A few months ago, eight Tibetans went on a hunger strike in front of the United Nations - pledging to go until death if necessary. You would laugh if you heard how little they were willing to die for, but it's still much more than the UN offered. If it wasn't for the intervention of the Dalai Lama to end the strike on the 13th day, I have little doubt that there would've been dozens of deaths by now. There was a whole list of Tibetans who were ready to take the place of anyone who died, to make sure the hunger strike could continue.

As you can imagine, working with people who are that committed to freedom is pretty humbling. I feel sort of uncomfortable talking about what I've done, or tried to do, to help them out. One time this monk came to the US. He had just escaped from Tibet, having spent around 27 years in prison. They had tortured him pretty badly, but his mind was in good shape. Anyway, when someone introduced me to him, he got really emotional - he kept thanking me over and over for my help. He wouldn't let go of my hand. The whole thing freaked me out pretty bad - what do you say to somebody whose whole life was nothing but sacrifice, standing there and thanking YOU for helping out?

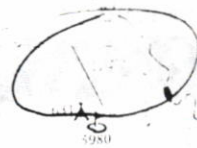
Since China invaded Tibet in 1949, over a million Tibetans have died at the hands of one of the most brutally oppressive regimes in the history of mankind. People are being tortured to death in secret cells for no greater crime than daring to speak out in public. There's a lot more to say, but if you're interested you can find out for yourself easily enough. Reading is FUNDamental.

I'm 27 now, and like most of you I've seen a lot of shit go down in this country - enough to make me want to punch someone in the face when they start talking about how this is a free country, or spouting some fucking bullshit about their "rights" or the constitution. I've been beaten up by cops, I've seen women clubbed senseless for exercising their "right" to peaceful protest, and I've gotten frantic calls in the middle of the night from friends in jail.

Et fucking cetera. You can get all the evidence you could ever want that the land of the free ISN'T just from the front page and the 6:00 news. No shit, right? So there are plenty of reasons to be pissed off in this country, and there's a lot to fight for. All of this is what makes it difficult for some people to understand why I have dedicated so much of my time to helping Tibet. Some people think the situation in Tibet is hopeless, some say Tibet will be free within two or three years. All I know is, if no one fights back, it's over - whether it's in Tibet, Burma, or Florida.



FIG. A: LANDING FIELD IN CENTRAL FL. SWAMP
SOUTH OF STATE ROAD 60.



FLORIDA AND SMUGGLERS

"SO THEY MOVE IT THROUGH MIAMI, THEY SELL IT IN L.A. 'SO"

Florida's always been the kind of place where anyone with a boat, or a plane, can find someone to meet them in a mall parking lot with a suitcase full of cash! With 8,400 miles of coastline, countless acres of unpopulated swamp and farmland to land planes on, and a convenient proximity to fully corrupt, 3rd world island nations, Florida's always been a smuggler's paradise. And, since the rumrunners of Prohibition, smuggling has been a part of South Florida life. Sometimes, in subtle ways, like the occasional story in the Herald about a bale of pot -- the so-called "square grouper" -- washing up on the beach, or stories you hear about people buying brand, new Mercedes with paper bags full of \$100 bills. Then, there's less subtle ways, like the time in 1981 when a bail of pot dropped out of a plane that was being tailed by the Feds, AND crashed through the roof of this senior citizen's trailer, west of Ft. Lauderdale! Said the old codger, "It's just one of the hazards of living here."

Big Bill McCoy, probably the most famous rumrunner of all time, was just a poor cracker, building boats in Florida. 'til he said, "Fuck that weak shit!" and split for the big cash, up north, where he established "Rum Row" off the coast of New York. He sat out in International Water, with a boat full of brew, and anyone who wanted could come out and buy it off him. He was known for having the best quality stuff, which is where the phrase "The Real McCoy" came from!

Here in town, Miami managed to survive the lean real estate bust years, after the Hurricane of '26, and the years of the Depression, by providing a steady flow of liquor to tourists, from the dryer North, at fancy, Miami Beach hotels. The violation of Prohibition was well known and out in the open. When the coast guard shot it out with smugglers at the mouth of the Miami River, in full view of tourists dining at a fancy hotel, the public and the Miami Herald were outraged... at the Coast Guard!

Cuba was where the good rum came from, and was a fairly safe haven for smugglers. But, under cruel dictator, Gerardo Machado, who was known as "El Gallo" (The cock), because of his policy of torturing student activists with castration, smugglers who tried to make money on the return trip, by bringing guns to revolutionaries in Cuba, were shot on the spot, if caught.

By the 1970's, smuggling was back, and very much in the open, as Florida was a major entry point for pot coming into the U.S. Even as an elementary school kid, I knew what the guy who lived across the street from me, who had the wild, all-night parties, meant when he said he was working in "Imports and Exports". In a December, 1981 issue of Miami magazine, a Ft. Myers sailor is quoted as saying, "Anywhere you sail in the Bahamas, you're going to see little strobe lights flashing in the water at night, and then high-powered boats going out to make the pick-ups. The lights are attached to bales of drugs." Tourism was down, and the local economy was in decline, but, mysteriously, new high rises and developments were going up all over town, often as a way to launder drug money. It's not clear just how much of Miami's skyline was built with drug cash, but a Miami real estate economist testified in Senate subcommittee

FROM "TRAFFICKING: INSIDE THE AIR AMERICA RING" BY BERKELEY RICE

Finding suitable planes was never a problem for drug smugglers. There were thousands of planes sitting around Florida's airports that one could buy, lease, borrow, or steal for a quick run to Colombia. "Back in the early eighties," one airport manager told me, "most of the dopers used cheap throwaway planes. You could find them anywhere, and get them fixed up enough to make a run or two."

hearings in 1981, that between 100 and 150 million dollars in Miami were "directly attributed to the affluence generated by the narcotics traffic."

In the early days of pot smuggling, the smugglers had a good image as good, old boys with boats, or planes, who were just out having fun, and trying to make a good living, by beating the cops and bringing in something that everyone wanted anyways. On the Labor Day, 1977, Jerry Lewis Muscular Dystrophy Telthon, even, two mysterious, bearded guys appeared, on live TV, donating \$10,000 in cash "for the kids, from the Blockade Runners." Later, when the risk of smuggling increased, with greater coast guard presence, many smugglers switched to the more valuable Cocaine. Much more money could be made with the same size shipment of cocaine. This led to the gun battles in mall parking lots, and other drug violence that Miamians have come to know so well. What's with the mall parking lot thing anyway? I wonder if they all started meeting in mall parking lots, before, or AFTER, MIAMI VICE?

Drug planes landed everywhere. Smugglers would pay farmers, upstate, to let them land on their farm, and pay a local sheriff \$50,000 to just stand there and make sure nothing went wrong. Before the stretch of I-95, between Ft. Pierce and Cocoa was completed, planes would use the paved part as a night time runway.

Boats could make it in, anywhere, too. One Ft. Lauderdale operation bought up expensive houses on Ft. Lauderdale's canals, and would bring boats right up to the back door! Then, they'd hire elderly couples in winnebagos to drive the stuff north, out of Florida, and they'd hire Krishnas to watch the stuff, because they knew the Krishnas wouldn't take any!

With all this cash around, the Miami Police decided they wanted a cut, too. In the early '80's, the force was ordered to comply with new affirmative action laws, and to have all officers live within the city limits of Miami. Since the cops were overwhelmingly white, and lived in the 'burbs, there was a frantic scramble to find new cops, and almost anyone was hired, whether they passed all the tests, or not. For a couple years, the city was plagued by these new cops, who would take bribes, steal evidence, and even do stuff like pick up prostitutes and use their badge to get a free hotel room! Then, the "Miami River Cops", came along. They would work together to stake out and catch drug dealers, so that they could seize the drug shipments and sell them themselves! Yo! They got caught, and got their name on the same night, when they raided a freighter on the Miami River to get all the cocaine, and a couple of the dealers drowned after trying to jump off and swim away.

It wasn't always just drugs and rum, ya know. Sometimes they smuggled REAL LIVE PEOPLE! Chinamen paid smugglers to take them into the U.S. from Cuba in Prohibition days, and Cubans paid during the Mariel Boatlift. Just last year the Herald ran a story about a Haitian freighter coming into the Miami River. As it docked, 20 or 30 dudes jumped ship, swam to land, and started running like hell, through downtown, in all different directions! Many of them hailed cabs and got away, but most were caught--- with a twenty dollar bill and a piece of paper with a Little Haiti address!

But, what about the case of Everglades City? In 1983, federal agents blockaded the two roads into the tiny town on the west coast of Florida, and raided it, arresting 193 of the town's 600 residents for drug trafficking charges! The papers across the country called it the "Town gone bad", but everyone in town said they were just trying to find a new living with their knowledge of boats and the Florida coast, after the government announced a ban on commercial fishing in the Everglades. Fishing, and the already-banned alligator poaching were the town's livlyhood. The just-trying-to-make-a-living argument is the same one that one-armed smuggler, Harry Morgan, made, as the main character of Hemingway's Key West smuggling novel, TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT.

The good, old boy smugglers have given way to Cartel-controlled, multi-national operations. Corporate smuggling still sucks! But, Florida's frontier-style attitude and contempt for Federal law proudly remain. As one of the agents who raided Everglades City said, "They ask why I'm down there bothering them. They act like the laws don't even apply to them --- like they don't even belong to the United States!" Or as one of the captured smugglers put it, better I think: "One thing I won't do is bait hooks for some Yankee fisherman!"

The transfer of the cocaine to the Colombians followed a similarly antiseptic routine designed to avoid unnecessary contact. According to Cooper, "The Colombians would drive up from Miami the day before and check into the Holiday Inn out on Route 27. They'd leave their cars in the parking lot with a spare set of keys for each one. The ground crew would pick up the cars that evening and drive out to a place near the field.

After the coke arrived they would load the duffel bags into the cars' trunks and drive them back to the motel. Then they'd call the Colombians from a nearby restaurant to say the shipment had arrived. The following morning the Colombians would get in their cars and take off with the coke. The two groups never met."

I WAS ATTACKED BY ALPHA 66 WITH A BRUSH WITH FASCISM...

BY GEORGE "MACHINE GUN" KELLEY

Ahh, the early 80's in Miami: Cocaine cowboy shootouts in mall parking lots, deranged men carrying their girlfriend's severed heads along South Dixie Highway, and... RAMPANT FASCISM!

On May 21, 1983, Ronald Reagan swooped into the "Magic City" to lend aid and comfort to a Nuremberg-style rally, thinly disguised as a "Cuban Independence Day Festival". I was getting ready to go out and deliver brochures for my dad's business early that afternoon, when I decided to swing a little out of my way to check out the "big event."

Der Fuhrer had just finished deceiving thousands of geriatric exiles into believing that the U.S. was about to invade Cuba, when I arrived on Flagler Street in my red Honda. Traffic was at a total standstill, and hundreds of people roamed through the area waving flags and chanting, "Guerra! Guerra! Guerra!" ("War, War War!")

I was laying low, inching along when I found myself beside a group of wild eyed guys exhorting everyone to show their support for Reagan by blowing their car horns. After briefly considering a middle-fingered "salute", to display my passionate love for the president, I meekly settled for a simple "thumbs down" gesture. Big mistake. Almost immediately, six "macho" guys in a pick-up truck emblazoned with Alpha-66 (militant anti-Castro group best known for comically futile attempts at terrorism) signs jumped out and surrounded my car, trying to pull me out and punching me through the sunroof. One of them struck a fatal blow

to Castro's rule by heroically stealing my sunglasses, too! Well everything was in the newspapers, including a Miami News editorial that said "Kelley should be given a purple heart for exercising his rights as a U.S. citizen..." Whatever. It made talk radio, too, and I spent weeks getting crank calls from various idiots calling me a "fucking communist!", or thanking me for "putting those damn Cubans in their place." Blech! But, hey, at least I can remember that weird day 13 years ago, while somewhere in Bel-Air, California, Ronald Reagan can't even remember being spoon-fed strained carrots this morning.

One driver dared to be different

LINDA JONES
Miami News Reporter

George Kelley says his first mistake was turning his thumbs down while driving past a group of Reagan revelers in Little Havana.

His second mistake was stopping at the next red light.

In no time, he says, he was being punched by two men, one holding an American flag, the other a Cuban flag.

"The one guy slapped me around and the other was pounding me on the head through my sunroof," said Kelley, 21, who says he never uttered a word. "They tried to open my door and pull me out."

Miami police confirmed that Kelley was roughed up. The group of Reagan sympathizers apparently wanted him to blow his car horn in a display of support for the President on his visit to Miami.

"I just wanted them to know that not everyone in that crowd was a Reagan supporter," Kelley said of his impulse to thumb the group. "I guess I shouldn't have done that."

Kelley, a Miami Shores resident, said he was on an errand for his father when he drove his red Honda through Little Havana at about 2:30

Please see BEATEN, 4A



Mystery man tips police to skull in a newspaper

JEFF BENKOE
Miami News Reporter

The call was strange. But the discovery this morning by North Miami police was more strange.

Police found a human skull, believed to be that of a female, wrapped in a 13-year-old newspaper and discarded behind a back building.



"SPRECHENZE SCAM?"

OR... HOW I GOT A FREE TRIP TO EUROPE !!!

IT ALL STARTED WITH A BROKEN COPY MACHINE IN A MEMPHIS KINKO'S. I WAS OUT HOPPING TRAINS AROUND THE COUNTRY AND SELLING THE LAST ISSUE OF THE SCAM. I WAS SORT-OF LOW ON FUNDS, BUT THEN THIS GUY OUTSIDE OF THE SHOW TRADED ME A \$100 KINKO COPY CARD FOR ONE ZINE!

WHAT A GUY! I WAS SO STOKED, CUZ I COULD COPY 15 OF THE HUGE ZINES FOR \$100.

BUT, AT KINKO'S, THINGS TURNED OUT EVEN BETTER. THE MACHINE IN THE FAR CORNER OF THE STORE, NEARLY OUT OF SIGHT OF THE EMPLOYEES AT THE COUNTER, WAS BROKEN SO THAT IT WORKED WITHOUT THE CARD AND COST NOTHING!

I SHOWED THE COUNTER GUY MY 100 BUCK CARD AND ASKED HOW MANY 2-SIDED, 8 1/2 by 11 COPIES I COULD MAKE ON IT, SO THAT HE'D KNOW THAT I HAD IT AND WOULDN'T GET ALARMED WHEN I MADE A TON OF COPIES. THEN, I RAN OFF MY 15 ZINES ON THE BROKEN MACHINE. IF ANYONE QUESTIONED ME ABOUT IT, I COULD JUST TURN OVER THE CARD, AND I'D STILL BE AHEAD.

BUT, NO ONE QUESTIONED ME. I WENT BACK, 3 DAYS IN A ROW, ON SEVERAL DIFFERENT SHIFTS, MAKING HUGE PILES OF ZINES! I WOULD PUT THEM IN BOXES AND USE THE FEDEX SCAM TO SEND THEM AHEAD TO FRIENDS IN TOWNS I PLANNED TO STOP IN. FINALLY, THE STORE WORKERS STARTED LOOKING AT ME FUNNY, SO I SENT OUT ONE LAST BATCH, AND CAUGHT THE AFTERNOON FREIGHT TO ARKANSAS. WITHIN A WEEK, I WAS ON A TRAIN TO PORTLAND, FROM FARGO, AFTER FLOODING THE MIDWEST WITH SCAMS AND MAKING TONS OF CASH.

MY CASH KEPT ME 'TIL I MADE IT BACK AROUND THE COUNTRY AGAIN TO BOSTON, WHERE I RAN OUT OF MONEY ON THE SAME DAY THAT THE FIRST SNOW OF THE YEAR FELL. WHOOPS! THIS WAS NO PLACE FOR A FLORIDA BOY IN SHORTS. EVEN WORSE, THOUGH - I WAS ALREADY SICK AS HELL AND IT WAS THANKSGIVING SO THE FREIGHT YARDS WERE DEAD! HELP!

THE NEXT DAY, I FOUND AN ANCIENT COPY CARD IN MY BAG THAT HAD 35 BUCKS ON IT. THAT WOULD ONLY MAKE LIKE 4 1/2 ZINES, BUT I HAD AN IDEA. I WENT TO KINKO'S AND, SOMEHOW, CONVINCED SOME SMOTTY, "HOT-LESS" BOSTON BASTARD IN A SWEATER THAT MY FOLKS HAD BOUGHT IT FOR ME THAT I COULDN'T USE IT, AND THAT I HAD TO HAVE CASH BACK. HE FINALLY GAVE IT TO ME! TALK ABOUT THANKSGIVING! I'VE NEVER, BEFORE, OR SINCE, BEEN ABLE TO EVEN GET TWO BUCKS BACK FROM A CARD!

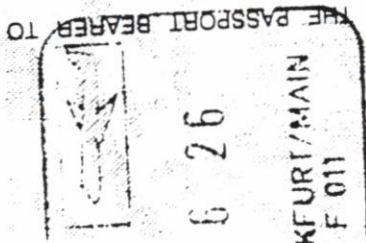
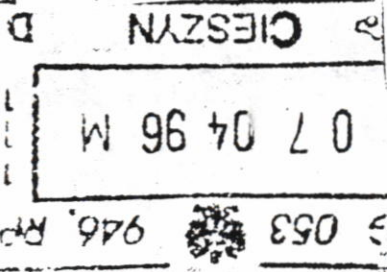
THE CASH WAS EXACTLY ENOUGH TO CATCH A GREYHOUND DOWN TO D.C., WHERE, HOPEFULLY, IT'D BE WARMER. WHEN I BOARDED MY 2ND BUS, FROM NEW YORK CITY TO D.C., I CHECKED MY BAG AND THE LUGGAGE GUY ACCIDENTLY HANDED ME TWO CLAIM STUBS FOR MY ONE BAG. I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT! SOMETIMES THEY MAKE IT SO EASY ON YOU! IT WAS A GREAT RIDE.

IN D.C., OF COURSE, MY 2ND BAG, THE ONE THAT NEVER EXISTED, COULD NOT BE FOUND. I WENT TO THE COUNTER AND REPORTED IT LOST, AND WITHIN A COUPLE MONTHS, AFTER A LITTLE PAPERWORK AND A COUPLE PHONE CALLS, GREYHOUND SENT ME \$250 FOR MY MISSING BAG! IT MADE ME SORT OF KICK MYSELF FOR NOT RIDING THOSE THINGS BEFORE!

I HOPPED SOME FAST TRAINS AND HITCHED SOME RIDES AND MADE IT DOWN TO FLORIDA TO PICK UP SOME ZINES THAT CHUCK LOOSE HAD COPIED FOR ME AT HIS WORK, AND THEN SPLIT TOWN THE NEXT DAY WITH F.Y.P. AND THE CRUMBS. I RODE WITH THEM TO BERKELEY. BY THEN, I HAD ENOUGH CASH TO RENT THE CLOSET AT LEFTY AND MR. STARCHY'S PLACE.

SG 051 548 RP

PASSPORT



IS THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE NECESSARY VISAS

I TOOK LONG WALKS IN THE HILLS. I DRANK STRONG COFFEE. I WAITED. BUT, THE GREYHOUND CHECK STILL, AT THAT TIME HADN'T COME. SO, I WENT OVER TO SAN FRANCISCO AND GOT A WELFARE CHECK. ALL THIS TIME, IT'D BEEN RAINING LIKE HELL IN THE BAY AREA. IT HAD RAINED FOR FIVE WEEKS. RIVERS WERE FLOODED ALL OVER THE STATE. I WANTED TO SEE THE SUN, AND GO SWIMMING, SO INSTEAD OF PAYING MORE RENT, I GOT A CHEAP AIRPLANE TICKET TO FT. LAUDERDALE WITH THE WELFARE CASH.

AT THE FT. LAUDERDALE AIRPORT, SCAM RAILROAD EDITOR, CHANDLER, MET MY PLANE AND "STOLE" MY LUGGAGE FOR ME. I REPORTED IT "LOST" AND DID THE WHOLE, ONE MAN, GOOD COP/BAD COP ACT WITH THE AGENT AT THE LOST AND FOUND DESK: "WHERE THE HELL IS MY LUGGAGE, DAMN IT?!! I JUST GOT OFF A CROSS COUNTRY FLIGHT! I'M SORRY, I MEAN, I KNOW IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT, BUT..." THEY ASSURED ME THAT NIGHT, ON THE PHONE, THAT THE LUGGAGE WOULD ARRIVE ON THE NEXT FLIGHT FROM SAN FRANCISCO, AND I THOUGHT, YEAH RIGHT, I'M SITTING HERE LOOKING AT IT.

AFTER ALL THE PAPERWORK, I GOT \$1250 IN A CHECK, AND, TO MY SURPRISE, A \$400 COUPON TOWARDS MY NEXT FLIGHT! AFTER PAYING OFF CHANDLER, I STILL HAD PLENTY OF BEER MONEY.

AFTER A COUPLE MONTHS, THOUGH, ALL THAT SUN AND FUN GOT TO ME. I FIGURED I COULD HOP TRAINS TO GO ANYWHERE IN THE U.S., SO I SHOULD USE THE COUPON TO GO OVERSEAS. I SHOPPED AROUND AND FOUND IT WAS THE LAST DAY OF A SPECIAL ON FLIGHTS TO FRANKFURT, GERMANY. SO I RODE TO THE AIRPORT ON MY BIKE AND USED THE COUPON. THE TICKET CAME OUT TO \$406.

SO, OK, I LIED. THE TRIP TO EUROPE COST 6 BUCKS.

THE ABANDONED MALLS OF BROWARD COUNTY

FAILED SUBURBS ARE MORE FUN THAN FAILED INNER CITIES. ANYONE WHO HAS EVER RIDDEN THE BUS IN BROWARD COUNTY KNOWS THAT ALL THE ROUTES ARE DESIGNED SO THAT THE BUS STOPS FOR TEN WHOLE MINUTES AT ANY ONE OF THE VARIOUS RUINED, ANCIENT, NEARLY UNINHABITED MALLS AROUND BROWARD. THE POMPANO FASHION SQUARE... CORAL SPRING... THERE'S PROBABLY ONE IN MARGATE, TOO, WHEREVER THE HELL THAT IS. THE BUS DRIVER USUALLY PARKS, TAKES A SMOKE BREAK AND GETS ALL WISTFUL, TUGGING AT HIS MUSTACHE WHILE STARRING AT THE EMPTY PARKING LOT. NO ONE GETS ON, OR OFF THE BUS. FINALLY, YOU LEAVE.

WHENEVER I'M BACK HOME IN THE 'BURBS, RIDING BROWARD BUSES, I THINK OF HOW WRECKED EVERYONE'S PARENTS WERE WHEN WE ALL BECAME TEENAGERS AND STARTED DOING DRUGS AND SKIPPING SCHOOL. WE WERE TURNING THE WHOLE PERFECT SUBURBAN PLAN TO SHIT BEFORE THEIR EYES. NOW, TEN YEARS LATER, I SEE, EVEN THE LITTLE BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF MY OLD FRIENDS HAVE GONE THE SAME ROUTE AND THERE'S THE PARENTS STILL STUCK IN THEIR MEAT, LITTLE ROWS OF HOUSES, WITH PERFECT LAWNS AND 320 DAYS OF SUN A YEAR, OR WHATEVER. I FEEL BAD FOR THEM, BUT STILL CAN'T HELP BUT THINK, "WELL, WHAT DID YOU EXPECT, ANYWAYS?"

SO, WHEN I'M OUT SPENDING MY TIME, NOT GOING TO COLLEGE, NOT BECOMING A DOCTOR OR A LAWYER, NOT GETTING MARRIED I LIKE TO MAKE AN OCCASIONAL PILGRIMAGE TO THE SPIRITUAL HEART OF SOUTH FLORIDA — THE ABANDONED MALL, AND THE WINDSWEEP PARKING LOT THE OLD HOLLYWOOD FASHION SQUARE IS COMPLETELY BOARDED UP THESE DAYS, BUT THE BUS STILL STOPS THERE THE FIRST TIME I WENT THERE, I FOUND LOTS OF GANG GRAFFITI AND EMPTY BEER BOTTLES ON THE ROOF, WHERE THE PARKING USED TO BE. THROUGH A CRASHED IN SKYLIGHT I COULD SEE AN INDOOR FOUNTAIN FULL OF TRASH AND A RED PENTAGRAM SPRAYPAINTED ON THE FLOOR! YO, DZZY! I MANAGED TO PEEL BACK SOME BARBED WIRE AND A BOARD AND BREAK INTO THE FORMER JORDAN MARSH DEPARTMENT STORE, BUT INSIDE, IT WAS PITCH BLACK, AND I DIDN'T HAVE A FLASHLIGHT, SO I LEFT.

I WENT BACK AND DRANK BEER ONE TIME WITH EVAN AND SOME KIDS FROM CHATTANOOGA. IT'S A GREAT DRINKING SPOT, OR SKATING SPOT. I'D LOVE TO HAVE A SHOW THERE. I GUESSED IT WASN'T MUCH OF A PLACE FOR A PERFECT CITY, BUT, REALLY, LIKE I SAID, "WHAT DID YOU EXPECT?"

DRAMA! INTRIGUE! BUTTCKACKS! BRIBERY! (BUT, NO PUKE...) ITS THE STORY OF... CALLE PUNK - O !!!



fig. 1: MARTI

In honor of Little Havana's yearly street festival, CALLE OCHO (on 8th street), CALLE PUNK-O (literally "Punk Street") was born. 100 punks, 5 bands, countless boxes of cold beer, and one generator were brought together in East Little Havana's Jose Martí Park, under the huge 1-95 overpass, on the banks of the deadly Miami River, for a truly Miami-style punk show. And, unlike all the other punk picnics out in the Everglades, this time we had permission to be there! Norberto Rivas, the elusive and mysterious Park Director had told me, weeks before the show that we didn't even need a permit, if we weren't charging admission and didn't expect more than 500 people. So, to pay the out-of-town bands, the punks, a deep cover team at Kinko's, John and Faith, made tons of CALLE PUNK-O stickers, and a bunch of shirts featuring Jose Martí, "The Father of Cuban Independence", with a green mohawk, and we sold 'em all! For me, having set up the show, the most fun part, of course, was getting a hundred people to say the words "CALLE PUNK-O" with a straight face.

As it turned out, it was Jose Martí's birthday! So, as the punks filled one side of the park, scores of Cuban demonstrators rallied around the Martí statue on the other side of the park! Now, the main challenge would be making sure they didn't see the shirts and kill us!

As tugboats pulled huge ships, bound for South America, down the river, and downtown's skyscrapers loomed just across the river, baiton, GA's, THE SPADES kicked off the afternoon's drunken Rock. Singer/bassist, Forest sang the hell out of a handful of 3-chord,

Nisfits style rockers, and drummer, Matt, kept his smoke lit in his mouth through the whole set! HEY SHNECKY, the band formerly known as Los Canadians, tore through the next 10 or 15 minutes in true Canadian style. Next up was Dalton's legendary THE SHAFFERS. But, then, the generator mysteriously quit working, and the crowd was treated, instead, to the now-familiar punk picnic sight of Chuck Loose's Butterack, as he bent over his often faulty generator, trying to get it working.

This seemed like a good time to bring out Ralph, The Puking Guy. Ralph had earned himself actual billing on the flyer by promising that he would be able to PUKE ON STAGE for money to pay the bands! Before the show, he had told me, excitedly, that he had been gearing up to the puke all morning with a breakfast of doughnuts, pie, chocolate bars, and 3 entire colodas of Cuban coffee! Yuck! With the stench rising off the river, he was a walking time bomb of puke!

Ralph walked through the crowd with a cup, securing cash donations, while from the "stage", I yelled at everyone not to CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE, FUCKER.

WHO NEEDS THE FUCKIN' TRI-RAIL??

THE TRI-RAIL KEEPS RAISING THEIR FAKES, AND, AS ME AND BRAIN FOUND OUT, YOU CAN'T EVEN DRINK BEER ON IT! NOT EVEN A LITTLE. WHAT'S UP WITH THAT SHIT??

BUT, IF YOU'RE GOING NORTH FROM MIAMI TO FT. LAUDERDALE YOU CAN RIDE A FREIGHT TRAIN! THE NIGHTLY NORTHBOUND TRAIN LEAVES THE CSX YARD IN HIALEAH AROUND MIDNIGHT OR A LITTLE LATER, AND IT ALWAYS STOPS AT STATE ROAD 84 IN FT. LAUDERDALE! THIS IS YOUR FREE RIDE! PUNKS! YOU CAN TAKE BEER, AND, YOUR BIKE

CATCH OUT UNDER THE 103rd STREET BRIDGE!



SEN



"HIGHWAY 301, REVISITED..."



IT WAS A WEEK OF DEJA-VU, OR SOMETHING LIKE IT. SURELY, I'D BEEN HERE BEFORE, WHERE NOTHING I TRIED TO DO SEEMED TO WORK AT ALL. IT STARTED WITH LITTLE STUFF, LIKE MY FAVORITE PRODUCE DUMPSTER WHERE I ALWAYS GOT FRUIT, WAS SUDDENLY PADLOCKED. I COULDN'T EVEN FIND A USED CUP TO SCAM COKE AT TACO BELL. THEN I GOT CAUGHT STEALING BECAUSE OF A FREAK ACCIDENT INVOLVING A KID WITH DOWNS SYNDROME. I WAS TRYING TO "LEFT-HAND" A 12-PACK OF BEER, BY HOLDING THE BEER BELOW THE COUNTER WITH MY LEFT HAND AND BUYING A 12¢ BANANA WITH MY RIGHT HAND. BELIEVE IT, OR NOT, THIS ALMOST ALWAYS WORKS. THE CASHIER HANDED ME MY CHANGE AND HADN'T NOTICED THE BEER, BUT THE DOWNS SYNDROME KID, IN LINE BEHIND ME WITH HIS DAD, FOR SOME REASON, STARTED POINTING AND YELLING, "BEER! BEER! THAT MAN HAS BEER, DAD!" THE DAD SAID, YES, SON, THAT MAN HAS BEER. THE CASHIER SAID, "HEY MAN! YOU HAVE BEER! WANT TO TRY PAYING FOR THAT?" WITH A

QUICK LOOK AROUND THE STORE, I COULD SEE IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO KILL THE CASHIER, AND GET AWAY. WHAT THE HELL, I BOUGHT THE BEER, AS I HAD NO CHOICE, LOSING MY LAST SIX BUCKS.

THEN I GOT PERMANENTLY BOOTED FROM THE APARTMENT COMPLEX POOL THAT I'D BEEN SWIMMING IN EVERY DAY FOR NEARLY A YEAR. THE APARTMENT MANAGER, A GUY ABOUT MY AGE WITH A TAN-SURFER LOOK, SAID IN A FRIENDLY, CONFIDENTIAL TONE, "REALLY SORRY, DUDE. YOU KNOW, I DON'T CARE IF YOU SWIM HERE, BUT YOU KNOW IT'S NOT UP TO ME..." WE LOOKED AT EACH OTHER FOR A LONG, UNCOMFORTABLE MOMENT WHILE HE TRIED TO SHRUG, SYMPATHETICALLY, AND I WONDERED WHAT HE MEANT. WHO WAS IT 'UP TO'? WHAT WERE WE UP AGAINST? IT

THEN, MY GIRLFRIEND CAME BACK TO TOWN, BUT ONLY SO WE COULD BREAK UP, IN PERSON. SHE SAID, "BEING ALONE'S BEEN GREAT. I'VE JUST BEEN READING LOTS OF BOOKS!" I SAID, "READING BOOKS? NO, NO, NO. I WRITE, SO I CAN TELL YOU FROM EXPERIENCE: BOOKS ARE TOTALLY OVER RATED."

SHE LEFT, ANYWAY, BUT I THOUGHT IT WAS A GOOD LINE.

WELL, SURE, I'D ANTICIPATED THIS BREAK UP, POSSIBLY SINCE OUR FIRST KISS, BUT I DECIDED TO ACT LIKE IT WAS A REAL, BIG DEAL, ANYWAY, BY ATTEMPTING A NIGHT OF RASH AND IRREVERSIBLE BEHAVIOR TO PAY TRIBUTE TO MY EX. I TOOK OFF ON MY BIKE WITH A HUGE BAG OF BEER AND SPRAY PAINT. I ENDED UP IN THE TRAIN YARD, BUT THERE WAS NOTHING GOING OUT. REALLY, OF THIS PERIOD OF MY LIFE, I REMEMBER VERY LITTLE, BUT I THINK I WRECKED AND BROKE MY CHAIN AND ENDED UP PUSHING THE BIKE HOME 6 MILES IN A SHOPPING CART, COVERED IN BEER, BLOOD, GREASE, AND PAINT. SOME TRIBUTE.

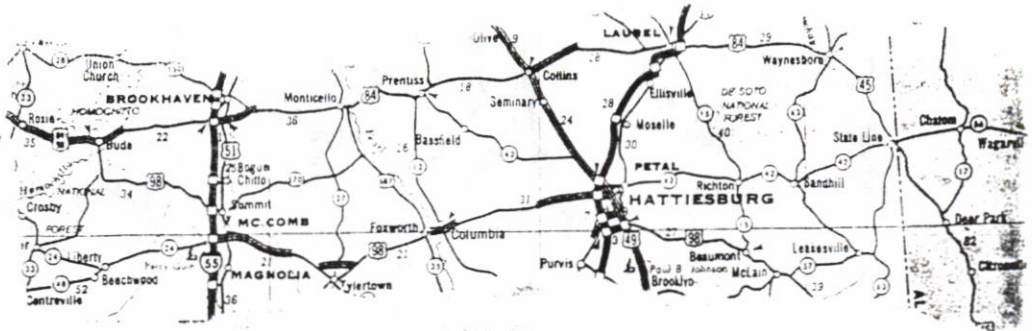
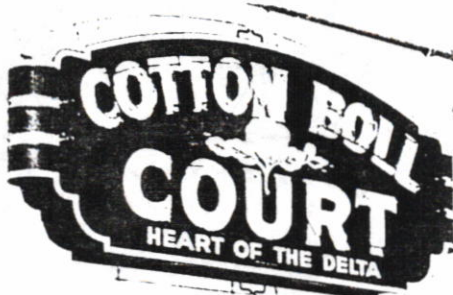
I COULD SEE WHAT SCIENTISTS CALL A "TREND", CLEARLY DEVELOPING HERE. I WAS DOOMED. FINALLY, I WENT BACK TO THE YARD, THE NEXT DAY, AND CAUGHT OUT FOR BALDWIN. A VACATION WOULD DO ME GOOD, THOUGH, REALLY, I HAVEN'T HAD A JOB IN 6 YEARS...

IN BALDWIN, AT WAFFLE HOUSE I WAS A REGULAR ALL RIGHT. THE SAME WAITRESS WHO WOULD ONLY GIVE ME ONE FREE REFILL OF COFFEE, MY LAST TWO TIMES IN TOWN, WAS THERE AGAIN! SHE STILL WOULDN'T KICK DOWN, AND I LEFT TO HITCH HIKE TO GAINESVILLE, A DULL AND SMUG, LITTLE COLLEGE TOWN IN THE CENTER OF THE STATE, WHERE I WOULD BE SURE TO FEEL BETTER ABOUT MYSELF. AT LEAST THE COLLEGE LIBRARY'S REAL GOOD.

I HOPE THIS STORY DOESN'T SOUND TOO PESSIMISTIC. I WAS JUST HAVING A LITTLE RUN OF BAD LUCK. SOMETIMES YOU JUST CAN'T GET ANYTHING RIGHT. BUT I WAS STILL GLAD TO BE OUT HITCH HIKING ON A NICE DAY, AND I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE HOW EXCITING, AND CRAZY AND UNPREDICTABLE LIFE CAN BE.

THAT'S WHY, WHEN MY FIRST RIDE PULLED OVER THERE AT THE INTERSECTION OF HWY. 301 AND I-10, I WENT AHEAD AND GOT IN, EVEN THOUGH I WAS TOTALLY STUNNED, AND DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER TO LAUGH, OR CRY.

THE RIDE WAS THE OLD, WHITE HAired GUY. IN THE RED TRUCK.



MISSISSIPPI DRIVIN' AND REMEMBERIN'

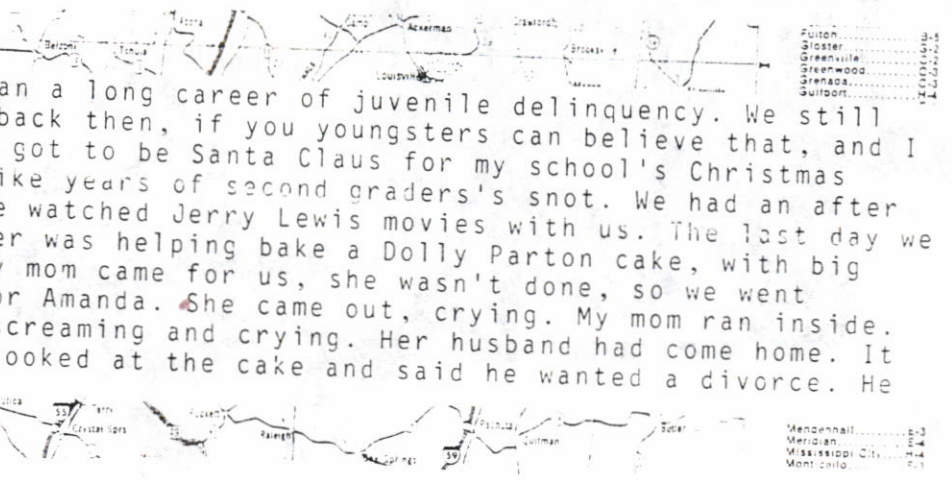
(TO THE TUNE OF JERRY JEFF WALKER RECORDS)
By MITCHELL POWERS

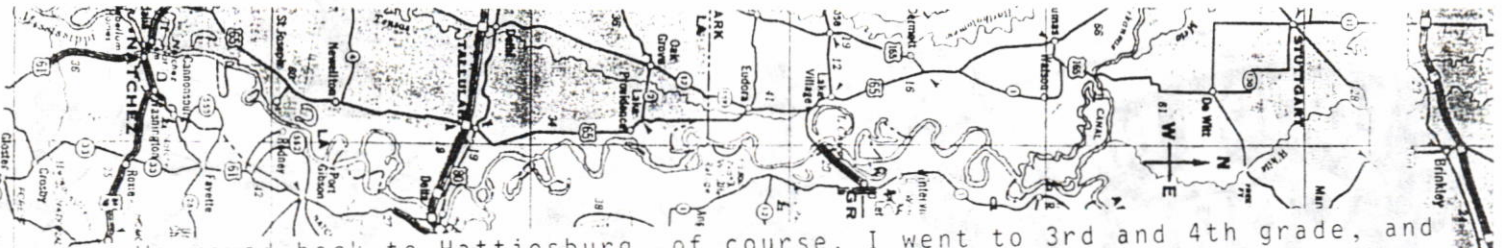
The first cigarette I smoked was in my stepmother's bathroom in Hattiesburg, Mississippi. The first girl I kissed was named Olivia. We were on the playground at Woodrow Elementary in Hattiesburg. I fell in love for the first time one year later with Jessica Herzinger. My stepsister had a Danzig leather jacket and played Fugazi for me in her new apartment. I drank my first beer in my dad's pool at Fountainbleau apartments after my parents split up. Hattiesburg, Mississippi, Hattiesburg, Mississippi, Hattiesburg, Mississippi... the asshole of the entire United States...

The funk of the Ulysses plant hung a sweet smell on my neighborhood ("The Plant"--I thought of it as a big, towering fern). My best friend's name was Patrick. We were the kids the tough kids beat up for practice. We decided to follow the ditch behind my house as far as we could one day. We always had schemes and plots goin'. We would build forts with booby traps in the woods. We'd make "yucky stew" with dirt and tabasco and jelly and try and make my sister's friends eat it. Anyways, we followed the ditch for blocks, past Junior's Food Mart, past Showbiz Pizza, for blocks and blocks. We didn't stop to catch catfish and minnows. We were going to the end. When we came to I-49, the ditch water was up to our waists. We slugged on under the bridge. It was dark outside and even darker under the bridge. We could hear the traffic thumping overhead. We stopped at the other side and the bottom came out from under us; We had come out into the dusky night and stood at the edge of a giant pond. Everywhere we looked were giant frogs, some as big as 9 or 10 inches across...

Me and my mom moved when I was 7 to Brookhaven, Mississippi. My new first grade teacher decided I was retarded. Her grandson beat me up on the playground. She put my desk in the closet. I saw a Hustler magazine and got sick. I played and left the bones in. My friend's little sister tried to get me to take off my clothes and lay on her. Our landlady tried to swindle my mom out of some money so we moved again...

In 2nd grade, I began a long career of juvenile delinquency. We still got spankings in school back then, if you youngsters can believe that, and I got most of them. I also got to be Santa Claus for my school's Christmas play. My beard smelled like years of second graders's snot. We had an after school babysitter and she watched Jerry Lewis movies with us. The last day we stayed with her, my sister was helping bake a Dolly Parton cake, with big frosting titties. When my mom came for us, she wasn't done, so we went shopping and came back for Amanda. She came out, crying. My mom ran inside. Our babysitter lady was screaming and crying. Her husband had come home. It was his birthday. He had looked at the cake and said he wanted a divorce. He left. I cried, too...



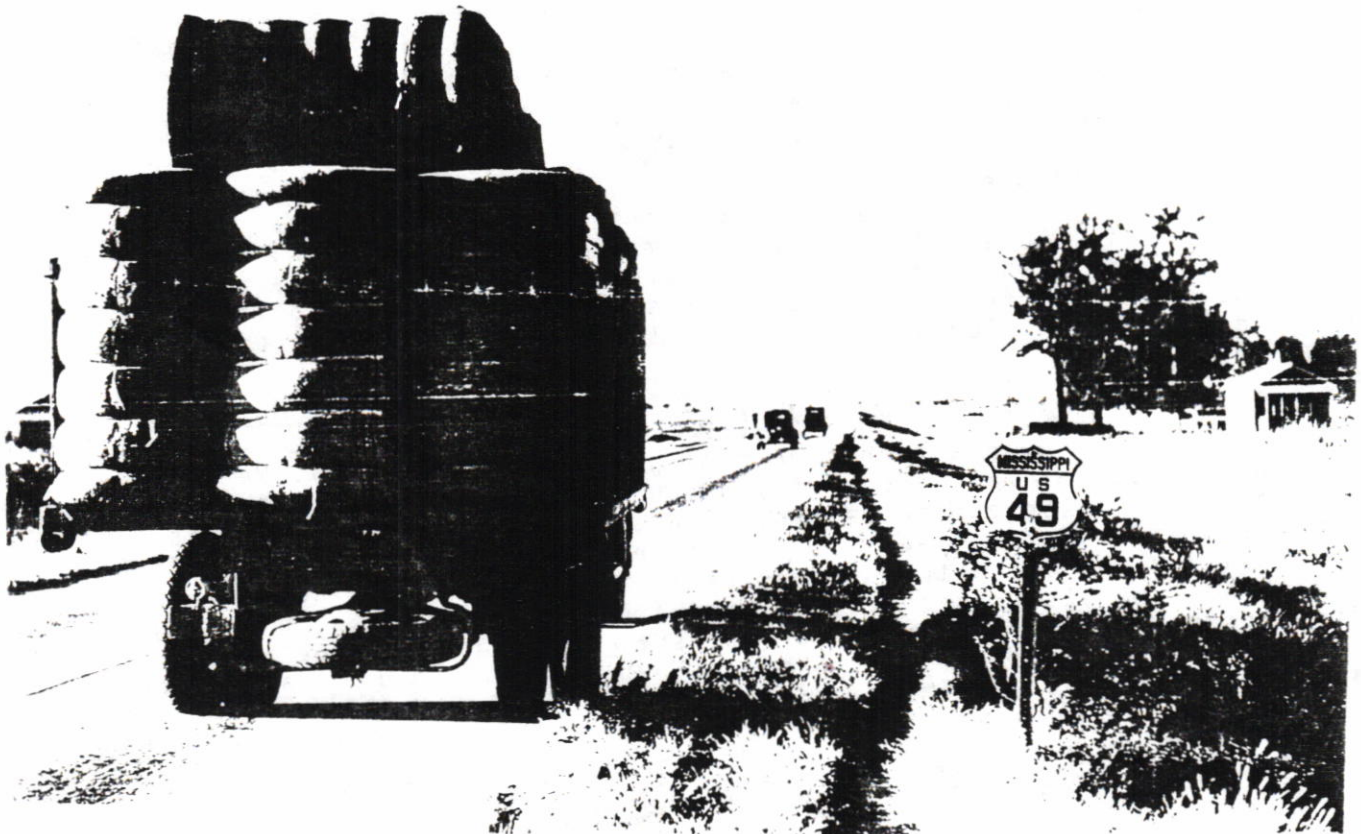


We moved back to Hattiesburg, of course. I went to 3rd and 4th grade, and Patrick was in my sister's grade. We went to an after school camp, where they played Prince records for us. They were "Satanic". I was the best breakdancer at daycare, and I started smoking marijuana...

We left Mississippi for the last time on Labor Day, 1985, when I was 10, and my mom, my sister and me moved to North Little Rock, Arkansas--Dogtown. Now when I think about Mississippi, I think about drivin' through it. South on 55, East on Highway 4 at Senatobia, 14 miles to Junior Kimbrough's Juke Joint, or Burnside's Blues Palace. Drunk in the backseat with Steve on a Sunday night. South on Highway 1 from Greenville to Rolling Fork, through the Delta, fields of soybeans on either side of the two lane, as far as you can see. South on 49 to Hattiesburg, through the piney woods, past the crosses of Calvary. Yellow, white, and yellow. Holy, holy, holy. Past Hub City Roller Rink. Past Hub Lanes. Past the Holiday Inn, on your left. Home...

I hitch hiked through Mississippi for the first time about a year ago, on the way to New Orleans. Got a couple pistols pulled on me, walkin' 20 miles on 55 to the next truckstop. Got a ride with a couple cokers, and ate up all my pinball change at truckstops, bangin' on trailer doors at 3 in the morning. 250 miles in 30 hours; its no place to be a stranger...

I saw Patrick again, too. He started smoking crack a few yaers back. One night he put his hand through his car window, got it cut up pretty bad, and lost the use of it. He's doing piece work in a factory, living with his folks again. We were walking around an antique car show in Lake DeGray, piecing together the last 6 years. It was strange how we both turned out the same. We both knew each other's stories pretty well. If I could tell you about the smell of honeysuckle in bloom, if I could tell you about the smell of death in open air, we'd bothbe in pretty good shape... As it is, I can just tell you...



IT WAS COLD AS HELL, BELOW 30°, AND YOU COULD SEE EVERYONE'S BREATH AS THEY WALKED UP. THERE WAS STILL A LOT OF PEOPLE THERE, THOUGH. I WAS SURPRISED TO REALIZE THAT I'D NEVER REALLY BEEN TO ONE OF THESE THINGS BEFORE. I HAD SHOWN UP IN LITTLE ROCK THAT MORNING ONLY TO FIND OUT THAT ALL MY FRIENDS WERE GOING DOWNTOWN FOR THE BIG MARCH TO PROTEST LITTLE ROCK POLICE BRUTALITY, WHICH THERE IS A CONSIDERABLE AMOUNT OF. YOU KNOW, "THE LONG SHADOW OF LITTLE ROCK" AND ALL... I WAS PRETTY TIRED FROM A LONG, COLD WALK ON TRAINS, MY OWN PERSONAL MARCH AGAINST THE HIGH COST OF AIRPLANE TICKETS, BUT, IT SOUNDED PRETTY RAD, SO I WENT DOWN TO CHECK IT OUT, WITH LINDY, WHO ALSO HAPPENED TO BE PASSING THROUGH. WE WERE THE "OUTSIDE AGITATORS"!

THE MARCH WAS SUPPOSED TO START AT THIS CHURCH. THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO SHOWED UP WERE VERY WELL-DRESSED, BLACK PEOPLE FROM THE SURROUNDING POOR NEIGHBORHOOD, AND THE CHEERFULLY, SCUMMY GREEN-HAIRED, DREADLOCKED, AND PIERCED PUNKS OF L.R., BLACKS AND PUNKS? IT OCCURRED TO ME THAT THE AVERAGE LITTLE ROCK CITIZEN MAY ACTUALLY WANT AND EXPECT THE COPS TO BEAT US UP, LIKE "WELL, THAT'S WHAT WE PAY 'EM FOR..."

NO ONE REALLY KNEW WHAT TO DO. EVERYONE MILED ABOUT NERVOUSLY FOR AWHILE, BUT THEN, A COUPLE SPEAKERS CAME UP TO TALK, AND EVENTUALLY, THE DIFFERENT PEOPLE IN THE CROWD STARTED OPENING UP AND TALKING TO EACH OTHER ABOUT POLICE ATTACKS THEY'D SUFFERED. IT

"THE MARCH"

WAS EXCITING TO SEE DIFFERENT NEIGHBORHOODS COME TOGETHER AND TO SEE HOW MUCH IT MEANT TO EVERYONE TO TELL THEIR STORY AND NOT TO FEEL ALONE. IT SEEMED TO ME THAT THIS GESTURE OF BEING HERE TO SPEAK AND LISTEN AND MARCH IN THE FACE OF SUCH A HOSTILE TOWN WAS THE ONLY THING THAT REALLY MATTERS, THIS SIMPLE FAITH IN PEOPLE AND THE WORLD WHICH MAKES EVERYTHING ELSE POSSIBLE.

THE ACTUAL MARCH ITSELF, THROUGH L.R.'S FADING DOWNTOWN TO THE POLICE STATION WAS FUN AS HELL. ACTUALLY BEING "THE NEWS", MAKING SOMETHING HAPPEN IN A QUIET TOWN WAS EXCITING. AND I LIKED THE LOOK ON THIS ONE MUSTACHE-WEARIN' COP'S FACE AS HE HAD TO STAND THERE AND LISTEN TO OUR VARIOUS ATTACK STORIES. HE DIDN'T LIKE IT.

WHEN I GOT BACK TO MIAMI, ME AND IUY STARTED TALKING ABOUT TRYING TO DO A FOOD NOT BOMBS HERE, AGAIN. WE'D TRIED TO START ONE UP FOUR YEARS AGO, WHEN WE LIVED IN A SQUAT IN COCONUT GROVE TOGETHER, BUT WE COULDN'T REALLY FIND ANY PEOPLE WHO WERE INTERESTED IN HELPING. I DID HAVE A BAGEL AND PRODUCE CONNECTION AND I'D GO OUT, SOMETIMES AND GIVE IT ALL AWAY AT THIS EMPTY LOT ON GRAND AVENUE, BUT EVEN THEN, I WAS HAULING THE BOXES AROUND ON MY BIKE HANDLEBARS AND IT JUST WASN'T SOMETHING I COULD REALLY DO EVERYDAY.

SINCE THEN, WE'D BEEN IN AND OUT OF MIAMI AND HAD ALWAYS FELT WE DIDN'T WANT TO TRY TO START SOMETHING IF WE WERE JUST GOING TO LEAVE TOWN SOON, ANYWAYS. THIS YEAR, I KNEW I WAS GOING AWAY FOR THE SUMMER FOR SURE, AND SHE WAS THINKING ABOUT IT. BUT WE'D HEARD OTHER PEOPLE TALKING ABOUT WORKING ON STARTING ONE, SO WE FIGURED, WE MIGHT AS WELL TRY IT AND SEE HOW IT TURNS OUT.

IT'S FUNNY THAT, SINCE WE'D LIVED IN THE GROVE FOR YEARS AND KNOW LOTS OF PEOPLE THERE, AND CARE ABOUT THE NEIGHBORHOOD, I THINK WE WOULD HAVE GONE AHEAD AND DONE ANY KIND OF FOOD GIVEAWAY, EVEN WITHOUT CALLING IT "FOOD NOT BOMBS." WHAT I MEAN IS, WHY DO YOU HAVE TO DO SOMETHING A CERTAIN WAY, JUST BECAUSE THAT IS THE WAY ITS DONE IN OTHER CITIES? HOWEVER, I HAVE ALWAYS AGREED COMPLETELY WITH THE BASIC FOOD NOT BOMBS IDEA OF TRYING TO CREATE A NEIGHBORHOOD, PUBLIC SPACE TO BRING PEOPLE TOGETHER THROUGH FOOD SHARING. ITS REAL SIMPLE AND PRACTICAL, LIKE SQUATTING, WHERE, IF YOU NEED A HOUSE, YOU GET A CROWBAR AND GO GET ONE.

MAYBE ITS THE ACTUAL "FOOD NOT BOMBS" NAME THAT HAS A NEGATIVE CONNOTATION, THOUGH. MAYBE ITS SORT-OF HOKEY, LIKE GRETA SAYS: "I THINK THEY COULD AT LEAST USE A COMMA." OR MAYBE THE NAME HAS, UNFORTUNATELY, COME TO

REMINDE ME OF A HANDFUL OF FLAKES AND IDIOTS I'VE RUN INTO, ACROSS THE COUNTRY, WHO ARE CONNECTED WITH IT. LIKE THE SMOTTY, LITTLE DO-GOODERS AND HOLIER-THAN-THOU FINGER POINTERS WHO SPEND ALL THEIR TIME PATTING THEMSELVES ON THE BACK AND TELLING EVERYONE ELSE HOW THEY'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING, OR THE TEENAGE REVOLUTIONARY WHO GETS FRUSTRATED AND QUILTS WHEN "THE REVOLUTION" DOESN'T START AFTER 2 WEEKS OF JOYLESS, AWKWARD FEEDINGS IN A DECREPIT, INNER CITY PARK. THE WHITE KIDS WHO CALL BUMS "THOSE PEOPLE" AND THE ONE F.N.B. GROUP THAT REFUSED TO SERVE, AND, INSTEAD, THREW AWAY A CASE OF DONATED POTATO CHIPS BECAUSE THEY WEREN'T VEGAN. AND, OH YEAH, WHAT ABOUT THE INEVITABLE POT SMOKING, CONSPIRACY THEORIST WHO WANTS TO START EVERY MEETING BY SAYING, "WILL ALL THE FEDERAL AGENTS IN THE ROOM PLEASE IDENTIFY THEMSELVES," BECAUSE THEY READ IN A BOOK, OR SOMETHING, THAT A FEDERAL AGENT IS REQUIRED TO DO THAT, IF ASKED. WHO WANTS TO EAT LUNCH WITH THOSE PEOPLE?!?

OK, SO ITS EASY TO JUST PUT STUFF DOWN, AND NOT SO EASY TO DO IT. BUT REALLY, ISN'T THIS THE KIND OF SHIT THAT KEEPS ALOT OF BASICALLY GOOD AND GENEROUS PEOPLE FROM WANTING TO GET INVOLVED?

WE ENDED UP DECIDING TO GO AHEAD AND CALL IT "FOOD NOT BOMBS" THOUGH, BECAUSE WE DO AGREE SO STRONGLY WITH THE BASIC IDEAS. WELL, EXCEPT FOR THE PART ABOUT "CONSENSUS." WE DON'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT "CONSENSUS."

SO, WE MADE A TON OF FLYERS FOR A FIRST MEETING AND WERE PRETTY SURPRISED WHEN ABOUT 15 PEOPLE ACTUALLY SHOWED UP. SOME WE KNEW, SOME WE DIDN'T. MOST OF THEM HAD BEEN SITTING AROUND, LIKE US, WONDERING IF THERE WAS ANYBODY ELSE OUT THERE WHO WAS INTERESTED IN DOING ANYTHING LIKE THIS. THE MEETING WAS SORT OF AWKWARD AND EXCITING, LIKE THE MARCH IN L.R., IN HOW IT FELT LIKE SOMETHING WAS HAPPENING & THAT HADN'T HAPPENED HERE BEFORE. WHEN IN DOUBT, MAKE A FLYER.

WE DECIDED TO COOK AT IUY'S HOUSE IN THE GROVE, AND SERVE A COUPLE BLOCKS AWAY AT THIS EMPTY LOT ON GRAND AVENUE. THE SITUATION IN THE GROVE IS PRETTY HEAVY THESE DAYS. THE GROVE IS VERY RIGIDLY, RACIALLY SEGREGATED BY S.W. 32ND AVENUE, WITH THE MALL, COCOWALK, THE TOURIST SHOPS, AND ONE OF THE WEALTHIEST, WHITE AREAS IN THE CITY LIMITS TO THE EAST, AND ABANDONED STORE FRONTS, CRACK HOUSES, SHOTGUN SHACKS, AND ONE OF THE POOREST BLACK GHETTOS TO THE WEST. 32ND MAY BE THE MOST DRAMATIC DIVISION BY ONE STREET THAT I'VE EVER SEEN IN THE WHOLE COUNTRY, BETWEEN "HAVES" AND "HAVE NOTS." BUT, LATELY, THE OLD GROVE WOOD HOUSES HAVE BEEN DISAPPEARING ON THE WHITE SIDE, AS THEY'RE TORN DOWN TO MAKE ROOM FOR FORTRESS-LIKE, GATED CONDOS. NOW, THE DENSITY'S GREATER, AND THERE'S MORE "HAVES" THAN EVER WHO ARE PARANOID ABOUT CRIME. POLICE HAVE BEEN MAKING THE WEST SIDE PAY WITH A NEW POLICY OF FACE-DOWN-ON-THE-SIDEWALK SEARCH-AND-FRISKS OF BLACK YOUTH ON THE STREETS. OFTEN, WHEN COPS STOP PEOPLE ON THE WEST SIDE, A CONFRONTATION DEVELOPS WHERE BLACK PASSERSBY START THROWING BOTTLES AND YELLING INSULTS AT THE COPS. IT WOULD SEEM THAT THE BUNKER MENTALITY OF THE WHITE SIDE AND THE SEARCH AND DESTROY MISSION OF THE POLICE, MIXED IN WITH A HOT SUMMER COULD BRING ABOUT SOME TERRIBLE RIOT. AND 32ND AVENUE AND GRAND, WHERE THE TWO SIDES MEET, IS ALREADY THE EPICENTER OF MUGGINGS, DRUG DEALS, PURSE SNATCHINGS, CAR BURGLARY, ETC, IN THE WHOLE GROVE.

THE EMPTY LOT WE CHOSE TO SERVE AT IS, MORE OR LESS, ON THAT LINE, AT GRAND AND MARGARET, A COUPLE BLOCKS WEST OF 32ND AVE. ACROSS FROM THE FINA GAS STATION WHERE EVERYONE IN THE GROVE, INCLUDING MANY OF MY FRIENDS, BUY THEIR HEROIN AND CRACK. I LIKED THE IDEA OF PUTTING A LITTLE LIGHT DOWN THERE, IN THE HEART OF THE SHIT, AND I LIKED USING AN EMPTY LOT, AND TAKING IT AWAY FROM DRUG DEALERS. AND, AT THAT SPOT, WE COULD BE CONVENIENTLY LOCATED BETWEEN THE POOR FAMILIES OF THE WEST SIDE, AND THE HOMELESS OF THE EAST. IT WAS STILL A LITTLE TOO FAR FOR THE SHRIMPER GUYS DOWN AT THE MARINA, THOUGH. THOSE GUYS HATE LAND.

FIRST, OBVIOUSLY, WE WERE GOING TO NEED FOOD. WE FIGURED OUR BEST BET WAS TO HIT UP THE PRODUCE DISTRICT WAREHOUSES, UP BY CIVIC CENTER, FOR THE HUGE BOXES OF VEGETABLES AND FRUIT THAT THEY OFTEN HAVE TO THROW OUT AT THE END OF THE DAY. IUY, WENDY, AND ME WENT UP THERE TO CHECK IT OUT. I ALWAYS LIKE GOING UP TO THE PRODUCE DISTRICT, ANYWAY, BECAUSE ITS TOTALLY CRAZY, WITH PEOPLE EVERYWHERE, AND ROTTING FRUIT AND TIRES AND TRASH IN THE STREETS, AND HOMELESS PEOPLE TRYING TO SELL YOU BOXES OF DUMPSTERED STUFF. BUT, I LIKE THIS PART OF FOOD NOT BOMBS, ALOT, THE SORT-OF DETECTIVE WORK OF GOING OUT TO WEIRD PARTS OF TOWN TO MEET THE PEOPLE THERE AND TELL THEM ABOUT WHAT YOU'RE DOING AND TRY TO SCOUT OUT FOOD LEADS. WELL, LUCKILY, WENDY SPEAKS SPANISH, THOUGH, OR WE WOULDN'T HAVE TALKED TO ANYONE! EVERYONE THERE, PRETTY MUCH, HAS BEEN GLAD TO HELP, AND THAT'S WHERE WE GET MOST OF OUR FOOD.

RAFAEL FROM SPACECADET HAD A BUNCH OF CANNED FOOD FROM A CAN DRIVE THAT THEY'D DONE AT A SHOW THERE, SO WE DECIDED TO GO OUT THE FIRST WEEK AND TRY OUT OUR LOT WITH CANNED FOOD AND A COOLER OF ICED TEA, AND IF IT WENT OK, WE'D GO BACK THE NEXT WEEK WITH COOKED FOOD. IT WENT FINE AND WE'VE BEEN OUT THERE NOW, EVERY SUNDAY AT 2:00 PM SINCE MAY 4TH.

USUALLY, WE HAVE ONE BIG, HOT POT OF SOMETHING, SOME BREAD FROM A BAKERY, A COOLER OF ICED TEA FROM A MIX, AND, OF COURSE, THE ROCK HARD, DAY OLD BAGEL (THE BAGEL IS NOW STANDARD FARE AT FOOD MT BOMBS ACROSS THE WORLD AND, ALONG WITH RAMEN, FOOD-FROM-A-FRIEND'S-WORK, AND DUMPSTERED FOOD, ONE OF THE 4 "PUNK ROCK FOOD GROUPS.") WHATEVER FRUIT, OR LEFTOVER VEGETABLES WE HAVE IS LEFT OUT WITH PLASTIC BAGS FOR PEOPLE TO TAKE HOME. WE'VE ALSO HAD TONS OF CANNED FOOD FROM THE FNB BENEFIT SHOW AND FROM A DRIVE THAT LIZ DID AT HER SCHOOL. SHE GOT HER TEACHER TO GIVE EXTRA CREDIT TO KIDS WHO BROUGHT CANS!

ACTUALLY, I'M SURPRISED AT HOW GOOD THE COOKING'S BEEN, AND HOW CREATIVE WE'VE BEEN WITH THESE HUGE CARLOADS OF SLIGHTLY ROTTING FOOD WE GET. WE MADE CHILI WITH CORNBREAD, BLACK BEAN SOUP, STUFFED PEPPERS, SPLIT PEA SOUP, AND EVEN STIR-FRY WITH RICE. I'VE BEEN LEARNING A LOT ABOUT COOKING. OF COURSE, I AM ALREADY ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT, UNDISCOVERED CHEFS. I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT HISTORIC DAY IN BILOXI WHEN ME, CINQUE, AND BRIAN TURD INVENTED THE FRIED LIMA BEAN SANDWICH, WITH CHEESE. BUT, USUALLY, I LEAVE THE COOKING UP TO SHIRA AND IUY'S MOM.

LATELY, WE'VE BEEN BRANCHING OUT, BEYOND FOOD, TOO AS WE'VE BEEN GIVING OUT 2ND HAND CLOTHES, TOYS, BOOKS, AND EVEN BRAND, NEW TOOTHBRUSHES THAT JILL'S DAD HAD LEFT OVER FROM A HURRICANE ANDREW RELIEF PROJECT. IUY WENT TO ALL THE NEIGHBORHOOD THRIFT STORES AND CONVINCED THEM TO MAKE A WEEKLY DONATION OF CLOTHES, TOO.

I SUPPOSE IT WOULD BE NICE TO HAVE SOME PEOPLE INVOLVED WHO WERE OUTSIDE THE PUNK SCENE, BUT, AT LEAST THE PUNKS AREN'T AFRAID TO DO THE FUN STUFF. LIKE, AT THE 3RD FEEDING, WE FOUND THIS LADDER IN THE EMPTY LOT, AND MOLLY AND AMY FROM LAKEWORTH FNB USED IT TO TAKE OVER THE BILLBOARD AT THE EDGE OF OUR LOT AND PUT UP OUR FNB BANNER ON IT! OR, THERE WAS THE TIME WHEN THE YEARLY, WEST SIDE, STREET PARTY, THE OOMBAY FESTIVAL HAPPENED ON GRAND AND OUR LOT WAS COVERED WITH CONCESSION STANDS. IUY, NATACHA, IAN, AND JILL TOOK OVER AN UNUSED BOOTH, NEXT TO THE HOT 105 BOOTH, PUT UP THE FNB BANNER, AND EVERYONE THOUGHT THEY WERE PART OF THE OFFICIAL FESTIVAL! AND WE DID GET OUR FIRST GOOD, BIG LOOKING POT WHEN THE BONEHEADS WERE AT THIS KEG PARTY THAT GOT BUSTED, SO THEY GRABBED A HUGE POT FROM THE PARTY'S KITCHEN, FILLED IT WITH BEER FROM THE KEG AND SPLIT! JUSTO FOUND IT IN HIS CAR THE NEXT MORNING.

THERE'S BEEN SOME RAD, UNEXPECTED STUFF, LIKE HOW THIS ONE PLACE AT THE PRODUCE DISTRICT ALWAYS DELIBERATELY DAMAGES CANS SO THEY CAN GIVE THEM TO US! RYAN AND IAN AND ME WENT ONE TIME AND THE GUY GRABBED A COUPLE HUGE CANS OF TOMATO PASTE THAT WE NEEDED, TOLD US TO WAIT AND CAME BACK WITH THEM ALL DENTED UP! THIS CHURCH DOWN THE BLOCK HAS OFFERED SPACETO STORE FOOD. A LOT OF YOUNG KIDS CAME TO PLAY IN THE LOT AND EAT WITH US. AND, ODDLY ENOUGH, THE SEEDS FROM WATERMELONS AND OTHER STUFF WE'D CUT UP HAVE STARTED TO SPROUT ALL OVER IUY'S YARD!

THERE'S BEEN SOME PROBLEMS, TOO, OF COURSE. A LOT OF PEOPLE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD TOLD US THEY DIDN'T WANT OUR FOOD, BECAUSE WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY MEAT. THIS SORT OF TOOK US BY SURPRISE AND LEFT US SPIRALLING INTO AN IDEOLOGICAL VOID, AS MANY OF OUR VOLUNTEERS AREN'T VEGETARIAN, EITHER, AND DIDN'T REALLY HAVE A READY RESPONSE FOR QUESTIONS ABOUT IT.

THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF CHAOS, TOO, OF COURSE, LIKE WE ALL WAKE UP, TOO LATE AND HUNG OVER, OR WE HAVE TO STEAL A BUNCH OF CUPS AT THE LAST MINUTE, OR A BUNCH OF PLASTIC SILVERWARE FROM TACO BELL AND MIAMI SUBS.

SOME OF US FELT THAT THERE WASN'T ENOUGH PEOPLE COMING, ^{TO EAT} OR THAT WE HAD TOO MUCH FOOD. WE'D HAVE TO WALK THE STREETS, SCYERING, EVERY WEEKEND TO GET A BIG CROWD, OR DRIVE DOWN TO PEACOCK PARK AT THE END TO GIVE THE LEFTOVERS TO THE ANNOYING HIPPIE DRUM CIRCLE CROWD. THEN I'D FEEL LIKE WE WERE CATERING TO PRIVILEGED STONERS AND WASTING OUR TIME, WHILE THE OLD MYSTIC BUMS LECTURED US ABOUT THE GO'S AND STARED HUNGRILY AT OUR TEENAGE GIRL VOLUNTEERS' BREASTS. WHAT A DRAG.

MAYBE THAT'S THE DRAWBACK OF BEING AFFILIATED WITH A NATIONAL GROUP, THIS FEELING THAT YOU'RE NOT DOING SOMETHING RIGHT, OR BY THE BOOK, OR THAT IT'S BETTER SOMEWHERE ELSE. BUT I JUST THINK WE HAVE TO BE PATIENT. THE CROWDS HAVE BEEN PICKING UP. A LOT OF FAMILIES COME FOR THE TAKE-HOME PRODUCE AND CANS. THE LOT IS OBVIOUSLY SAFER WHEN WE'RE THERE FOR THE KIDS WHO PLAY AND GET HOT FOOD THERE. AND, ANYWAY, THERE'S NO AMOUNT OF PEOPLE SERVED THAT EQUALS "SUCCESS," AND BEING LATE AND HUNGOVER IS ONE THING US PUNKS ARE REALLY GOOD AT. WHY TAKE IT AWAY?

ONE WEIRD THING, THOUGH, IS THE EVERPRESENCE OF "THE END OF THE WORLD" AS A TOPIC OF CONVERSATION WITH THE FOLKS WE FEED. IT STARTS UP EVERYTIME. LIKE, THIS ONE GUY FROM THE MARINA WALKED UP TO ME ALL INNOCENTLY, PICKING AT HIS CUP OF CHILI WITH A PLASTIC SPOON. HE SAYS, "GREAT CHILI, REALLY GREAT..." AND, SUDDENLY, LAUNCHES INTO A 15-MINUTE LONG SUMMARY OF NOSTRADAMUS' THEORIES, ROUNDING UP WITH A FLOURISH OF NUMEROLOGY AND MASONIC CONSPIRACY THEORIES, THAT CONCLUSIVELY PROVE THAT THE WORLD IS ENDING IN 1998. "I'M NOT SAYING IT'S ALL TRUE, BUT THAT'S A LOT OF COINCIDENCE, YOU HAVE TO ADMIT," HE FINISHES, ALMOST WHISPERING, HIS EYES BRIGHT WITH THAT MISSIONARY LOOK THAT SOMEONE FLASHES AS THEY HAND YOU A CHICK TRACT. HE'S A TRUE BELIEVER.

ANOTHER GUY TELLS ME WITH SOLEMN CONVICTION ABOUT NEW DISEASES THAT MEDICINE CAN'T CURE, THAT, IN FACT, GET STRONGER WHEN ANTI-BIOTICS ARE USED. CURELESS DISEASES. EBOLA. DENGUE. "THIS MAKE OLE AIDS LOOK LIKE NOTHIN!" HE DRAWS, CONCLUSIVELY, BALLING UP HIS NAPKIN AND TOSSING IT TOWARDS THE TRASHBOX.

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIGURE OUT THIS SIMPLE FAITH IN SUCH A PROFOUND HOPELESSNESS. IS THIS "I TOLD YA SO" - A FAITH IN AN IRONY THAT CHAOS WILL DESTROY CIVILIZATION AND VINDICATE THE POOR AND HOMELESS? OR, IS IT JUST THE JOY AT FINDING SOMETHING TO BELIEVE IN THAT ACTUALLY SEEMS POSSIBLE? MAYBE IT'S JUST A NEW VERSION OF CHRIST'S RETURN TO EARTH, OR "THE REVOLUTION." YOU KNOW, SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO. WHO KNOWS? COME JOIN US FOR FREE FOOD AT OUR WEEKLY FORUM ON THE APOCALYPSE, SUNDAYS AT 2:00 PM!

SO, SOME FRIENDS OF MINE HAVE ASKED ME WHY I'M INVOLVED IN A FOOD NOT BOMBS. REALLY, I'M INTERESTED IN KNOWING THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN MY NEIGHBORHOOD, IN MAKING IT A MORE ENJOYABLE PLACE TO LIVE, AND IN NOT FEELING SO HELPLESS TO CONTROL WHAT HAPPENS TO IT, WHETHER IT'S ATTACKED BY COPS, OR DEVELOPERS, OR JUST POVERTY. BUT ON A DEEPER LEVEL, I CAN'T STAND THE THOUGHT THAT ALL THIS SHIT COULD JUST GO ON AND ON - LIKE, AT EVERY LEVEL. LIKE THE WHOLE WORLD'S WATCHING STAR WARS REISSUES AND LISTENING TO WHITNEY HOUSTON AND THINKS THE WORLD'S PROBABLY GOING TO END IN 2 OR 3 YEARS, AND YOUR FRIENDS ARE ON HEROIN, AND IT COULD ALL GO ON COMPLETELY UNCHALLENGED. NO FUCKIN' WAY!!! I WANT TO LIVE!

AS I GET READY TO LEAVE FOR THE SUMMER, THINGS LOOK PRETTY GOOD FOR THE SUNDAY AFTERNOON FEEDINGS. NEW PEOPLE ARE COMING IN TO TAKE THE PLACE OF A LOT OF US WITH SUMMER TRIPS PLANNED, AND THEIR BRINGING IN THEIR NEW IDEAS. IT'S EXCITING; WE DON'T REALLY KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN WITH IT. I THINK OF THE

TOUGH, OLD BLACK LADIES AT THE L.R. MARCH YELLING AT THE COPS AND SINGING PROTEST SONGS. I THINK OF THE HUNGOVER PUNKS CUTTING VEGETABLES TO SERVE TO SOME TRULY NIHILISTIC EATERS. THIS TRAIN IS BOUND FOR GLORY?

WELL, WHY NOT?

THE



END!

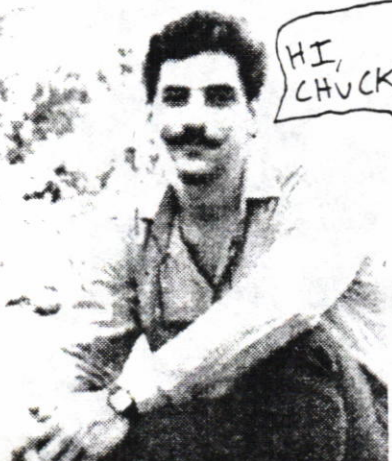
NEXT
ISSUE!
"BAGELS,
WELFARE,
AND
SHOPPING
CARTS"



AT THE COST OF MILLIONS OF DOLLARS, COMMUNIST PROPAGANDA IN THE FORM OF CARTOONS WERE PRINTED TO INFLUENCE THE ASIATICS. THEIR SUCCESS WAS FANTASTIC.

THIS WAS A CUT AND PASTE, COMPUTER - FREE, LAYED OUT ZINE, EXCEPT PHOTO SCANS...

CREDITS



HI,
CHUCK!

FIG. 1. GREG NORTON OF HUSKER DU

- SCAM TOP 10 FOR #3
- 1) DESCENDENTS
 - 2) NEW BOMB TURKS
 - 3) SPAWN SACS
 - 4) JACK PALANCE BAND
 - 5) DARVIS BROWN SHOWIN
IUV'S YARD WHERE HECTOR
PUKED SO-R CREAM AND
MACT LIQUOR WHILE
SINGING
 - 6) "PUKE BEER, THE
Homebrew..."
 - 7) DJ Funky ONE
 - 8) Collossus of Roads
 - 9) Nelson A (grew
9 1/2 Butthole Surfers "Psychic...")
 - 10) MIAMI'S YEAR -
Round Swimming
 - 11) THE GRUMPIES
TAPE
 - 12) FINISHING THIS
DAMN THING

THIS ISSUE ARRIVES IN PUBLIC ALMOST EXACTLY 6 YEARS TO THE DAY SINCE THE FIRST SCAM CAME OUT. SURE, 3 ISSUES IN 6 YEARS ISN'T MUCH, BUT WE AT SCAM WANT TO REMIND YOU THAT IN "TOTAL # OF ACTUAL PAGES" WE ARE AT, OR NEAR THE TOP! DO THE MATH, FUCKER!

THE GREATS AND NEAR GREATS:

JOHN DANIA DID THE "FREE TIBET" STORY
CHUCK COOSE GREW THE MOUSTACHE, WROTE ABOUT IT AND DID ALL THE PHOTO SCANS THIS ISSUE.
BY THE WAY, CHUCK AND JOHN, HAVING APPEARED IN ALL 3 ISSUES ARE NOW ELIGIBLE FOR SCAM'S EMPLOYEE HEALTH CARE...
CHRIS BARROWS OF THE PINK LINCOLNS WROTE A COLUMN FOR THIS ISSUE THAT I LOST. SORRY, CHRIS...
GRETA SHRED OF MUDFLAP ZINE DID "RUINING IT FOR THE REST OF US."
MITCHELL POWERS OF CHAOS L.R. DID THE "MISSISSIPPI DRIVIN' AND REMEMBERIN'" STORY.
IUV FOUND THE CRACK BAGGIES, WROTE THE STORY, TOOK THE SHLITZ HUNT PHOTO, AND SINGS IN LOS CANADIANS.
George Kelley, JR. OF THE STUN GUNS KICKED IN THE ALPHA 66 STORY.
SCOTT OF CARTER ZINE DID THE WILTON MANORS COMIC. AND SENOR FLINT DID THE "BALL AND CHAIN AND THE SPACESHIP" MIKE O'BRIEN GAVE ME THE "MOUTH OF THE RATS." CHERRY ADAMS TOOK THE LETTER PAGE PHOTO.
THE REST WAS BY ME, I GUESS SCAM.
OBVIOUSLY THERE'S A MILLION PEOPLE TO THANK SINCE LAST ISSUE, BUT HUGE THANKS, ESPECIALLY, TO IUV, BUDDEHA, CINDY, CHERRY, GRETA, CATY + CINDY, ROBERT + PRIYA, BRAD THEO + PAT, OLE JB, THE SHED, RICE STREET, SCOTT, EMIL, AND TODD FREYOP.

3
X X X
XAMPUNKS
"SEE YA!"
→

SCAM #3 MAIL ORDER:
2BUCKS TO
RECESS RECORDS
P.O. BOX 1112
TORRANCE, CA 90505